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ITALY.

Tranſlated from the Original German

OF

W. DE ARCHENHOLTZ,

Formerly a Captain in the Pruſſian Service.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, A. M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SECT. VIII.

ROME.—*Dubious Age of Rome.—Common Sewers* (Cloacæ).—*Architecture of the ancient Romans.—Field of Mars* (Campus Martius).—*The Place of Trajan* (Forum Trajanum).—*Pantheon.—Coliseum.—Triumphal Arch of Titus.—Triumphal Arch of Constantine.—Golden House of Nero.—Ancient Roman Forum, or Market Place.—Temple of Peace.—Triumphal Arch of Severus.—Capitol.—Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.—Triumphal*

phal Arches of Janus, Drusus, and Galienus.—Baths of Caracalla and Diocletian.—Obelisks.—Tombs.—Mausoleum of Augustus, Adrian, and Cecilia Metella.—Ruins of the Monument of the Scipios, and the so called Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii.—Septizonium of Septimus Severus.—Remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, of the Aqueducts of Nero, Titus Vespasian, and Caracalla.—Pyramid of Cestus.—A very singular Antique dug out in 1500.

UPON an impartial study of the Roman history, even in Rome itself, we are convinced, that the age of this so famous city may be traced to a far remoter period than that which is in general acceptation. Plutarch, Dionysius Halicarnassus, and other ancient authors, were of opinion that Romulus was not the founder, but only the restorer of Rome; and that, instead of having given it a name, he rather borrowed his own from

from it. The history of Romulus is very flattering to the Romans, on account of its prodigies and all the fictions belonging to it, and formed so intricate a texture with their religious opinions, customs, and laws, that a nice inquiry has been thought too arduous a task, nor could it, in fact, have been made in later times; hence the great Roman historians have started no doubts on that head. It is, however, observed by Livy, that before the arrival of the Trojans, a colony of Arcadians inhabited Mount Palatine; and those too have probably been preceded by others, of whose names and exploits not the least trace has remained. That they must have been a very memorable nation is proved, by the great monuments which they have left behind. The ruins of Pæstum also help to verify this conjecture, as they are of a quite peculiar style, which even indicates a more ancient origin than that of the arts in Greece.

If we repreſent to ourſelves Rome with its ſmall dependencies, in its commencement; if we remember the continual wars of this nation with their neighbours, it muſt appear utterly impoſſible, that the inhabitants of a poor town, which had neither trade, nor mines, nor extenſive poſſeſſions, and where every ſoul thought only to draw a moſt ſcanty ſubſiſtence from the ſpontaneous fruits of the fields, and to live involved in a perpetual diſcord; if we remember, I ſay, all this, it muſt appear utterly impoſſible that thoſe inhabitants ſhould have undertaken the building of the ſtupendous *cloacæ* and aqueducts, which, as hiſtory informs us, had been built in the reign of the kings. Notwithſtanding the gigantic ſtructure of the works completed by that great nation at ſucceſſive periods, none was more extraordinary than the common ſewers, whoſe very ruins we ſtill ſurvey with aſtoniſhment. Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus calls thoſe *cloacæ*, the cauſe-

ways,

ways, and aqueducts, the three wonders of Rome.

The great *cloaca* ſhews, even in its preſent remains, what an enormous work it has been. We ſee here ſtones, whoſe breadth and height run each to fifteen feet. If we conſider the enormous compaſs of this ſubterraneous ſtructure, we cannot hold it to be a production of the ſecond century after the building of Rome, unleſs we grant the moſt implicit belief to hiſtorical prejudices.

According to Strabo the vaults of the other *cloacæ* were ſo high, that a waggon loaded with hay could freely paſs through them. Though they were only built of bricks cemented with lime and Pozzalano earth, yet their ſolidity was beyond deſcription. Pliny expreſſes his ſurpriſe at their not having been cruſhed by the weight of the vaſt buildings which were erected upon them. Agrippa had ſeven

aqueducts led into them, for the purpose of cleansing continually. The *cloacæ* were held in such esteem by the Romans, that St. Augustine upbraids them with having created a protecting deity by the name of *Cloacina*, to whom they built altars, and brought offerings. Several popes ordered these useful ancient vaults to be repaired, and added new ones to them; but they are at present a mere shadow, compared to what they once have been. In the year of Rome 441 the first water was led into the great common sewer, through an aqueduct which the censor Appius Claudius ordered to be built, and from whom the water was called *Aqua Appia*. Its source was at the distance of two German miles from Rome, in the district of Tusculum, now Frescati. Till then the Romans had been content with the water of the Tiber, and those of the fountains and spouts. By degrees the number of aqueducts was augmented. They were usually built

built of brick-ſtone, the water flowed either under ground, or above it on great arches. Thus it was brought to Rome, in gutters of metal or lead, from a diſtance of ſix, eight, twelve, or more, German miles.

The Tuſcans were the firſt architects of Rome; they built all great edifices of the city in their own ſtile, which was rather ſomewhat rough, until the Romans got acquainted with the Greeks, who erected their firſt elegant temples, viz. the temple of Jupiter Stator on Mount Capitoline, that of Mars in the Flaminian circus, and many others. The ancient Romans made their dependence upon the Greeks, with regard to all that belonged to the arts; and for this reaſon, a few of them made architecture their buſineſs. Coſſutius was the firſt of their countrymen who acquired reputation in that art, which he had ſtudied in Greece. He was choſen by Epiphanes to complete the famous

temple of Jupiter Olympius, which he did in a maſterly manner. The Romans had but little to do with the abilities of that great maſter. Nevertheleſs, Cajus Mutius, a Roman, erected, about a century before the chriſtian æra, the two ingeniouſly-invented temples of honour and virtue, which were ſo conſtructed, that there was no acceſs to the former without paſſing through the latter. Vitruvius, the prince of the Roman architects, lived in the time of Auguſtus, and embelliſhed the world-ruling city, by order of that emperor, in a moſt extraordinary manner.

From the reign of Auguſtus to that of Alexander Severus, i. e. from Vitruvius to the architect Nico, the father of Galen, the great phyſician, a period of near two hundred years, Rome continually increaſed in magnificent edifices. In Auguſtus's reign, the houſes and palaces of Rome had but one ſtory; they were, how-

however, very high, becauſe the poet Rutulius compares them to cloud-aſpiring towers. Auguſtus ordered them, at laſt, to be built no higher than ſeventy feet; many had balconies inhabited by the ſlaves and freed-men: the apartments of the maſter were but a few feet above ground, and a ſmall number of ſtone ſteps led to them from the ſtreet. This ſimple manner of building is probably the cauſe of there not being the leaſt trace left of an old Roman dwelling, however ſpacious they have been, for they contained baths, large halls, gymnaſtic places of exerciſe, and a great number of galleries, where the people could walk about ſheltered from ſun and weather.

To the art of building of the ancients belongs the peculiar means they made uſe of to procure ſounds to their halls; they placed vaſes in the corners of the buildings, which caught and ſpread the ſounds, and produced various modulations.

The ancient field of Mars *(Campus Martius)* is at preſent quite beſet with buildings, and makes the moſt populous part of modern Rome. There was, perhaps, never a finer place on earth than this; its enormous circumference was environed with the moſt magnificent buildings, whoſe ſcite was highly advantageous. The mauſoleum of Auguſtus, and his two obeliſks, the baths of Nero, the circus of Alexander Severus, the Pantheon, the baths of Adrian, the baths of Agrippa, the theatre of Pompey, with a Coloſſus near it, the circus of Flaminius, the theatre of Marcellus, the naumachia of Auguſtus, the column of Antonine, beſides a great number of porticoes, fountains, temples, and palaces, graced this ſpot. From it could alſo be ſeen the monument of Adrian, ſituate on the oppoſite ſhore of the Tiber. In the center of this ſum of human ſplendor ſtood the famous obeliſk of the ſun, which was 116 feet high, quite covered with hieroglyphics,

plies, and had been brought from Egypt by command of Auguſtus: it was the greateſt in Rome, and ſerved to ſhew the hour on the enormous ſun-dial, which ſtood alſo in the field of Mars; its cyphers were plates of bronze one yard long, and the ground of the dial was white marble: it lies now ſcattered in ruins upon the ground, in a corner near the place where it formerly ſtood. A fine column of red ſpeckled marble, fifty feet high, which had been fetched from Egypt, and erected to the honour of Antonine Pius, ſhared the ſame fate: it was dug out in the beginning of the preſent age: the baſe, with bas-reliefs and inſcriptions, ſtands on Mount Citorio, but the column itſelf lies in a hut built of planks; it is ſtill entire, and though the expence of re-erecting it would be very ſmall, yet the apoſtolic chamber has made it a maxim carefully to avoid all unneceſſary expences.

The Forum Traganum, built by Apollodorus, the Greek architect, was, after the field of Mars, the moſt magnificent place of ancient Rome: upon it have been temples, colonnades, porticoes, quite covered with bronze, many marble and metal ſtatues, beſides the great equeſtrian ſtatue of Trajan, his triumphal arch, the magnificent pillar, &c. This *tout enſemble* was ſo admirable, that when the emperor Conſtantius, ſon of Conſtantine the Great, came to Rome, he was ſo enraptured with the ſplendor of this city, eſpecially with this forum, as to avow, that fame, which in all things ſurpaſſed the thing itſelf, had not done juſtice to Rome. Nothing remains of the magnificence of this forum, except the majeſtic column, which ſtands upon a mean, undignified ſpot, and whoſe high baſe lies buried under ground, ſo that one muſt go down many ſteps before one reaches its foot. What an immenſe elucidation of hiſtorical facts is to be found in this ſingle monu-

monument! It has already decided a great number of diſputes, eſpecially with regard to the *Coſtumi*, which, without this column, would have remained eternal problems. The atchievements of Trajan, his victories by land and ſea, offerings, proceſſions, triumphs, vaſes of all ſorts, altars, machines of war, and an infinite number of other ſubjects, are repreſented upon it with a great deal of art and truth. Above ſix thouſand different repreſentations may be counted upon it. On the top was a ſtatue and an urn, in which, according to hiſtorians, the aſhes of that excellent prince have been preſerved. Eutropius records him as the firſt who obtained the prerogative of having his tomb within the city.

The place upon which the column of Antonine formerly ſtood, was far inferior in beauty to that of Trajan and his ſtatue, of which it is merely an imitation. It ſtands now upon one of the fineſt ſpots of modern

dern Rome, where it has a very great effect; it consists of twenty-eight marble masses, and has from within 190 steps, and forty-one windows from without. Though this column stands free, and is environed with palaces, people must wade through the mud in order to get access to it. Filth infects all the great places of Rome except that of St. Peter's, nor would this be excepted from the general rule, but that it lies at a greater distance from the dwellings. It is incredible to what a pitch filthiness is carried in Rome: as palaces and houses are mostly open, their entrance is usually rendered unsufferable, being made the receptacle of the most disgustful wants. The same is to be observed with regard to the stairs, which are often quite covered with dirt. The Romans are so accustomed to this, that even princes in their own palaces look upon it with indifference.

Nothing

Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the pantheon, with its ſixteen granite pillars. Thoſe of the *façade* of St. Peter's, which conſiſt of common ſtone, and exhibit already the firſt ſigns of ruin by large holes that are in them, make but a very bad figure, if compared to thoſe of the pantheon, which have Corinthian capitals, and are all hewn out of one piece thirty-ſeven feet high. The opening in the vault, through which the building receives light, has the ſame meaſure, viz. thirty-ſeven feet diameter. This magnificent maſter-piece was erected by Agrippa; it was repaired by Domitian, Marcus Aurelius, and Septimus Severus; and in the reign of the Greek emperor Phocas, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary by pope Boniface IV.

Of all the remains of Roman ſplendor this is the only one that has been preſerved entire: but the ſmall ſpot on which this inimitable monument is ſtanding, has

no

no proſpect, and houſes are built too cloſe to it. To this vice of locality may be added, the diſagreeable ſmell of all the proviſions which are ſold here, and many other inconveniences, which are, as it were, accumulated upon each other to hinder the obſerver from admiring this edifice in a proper placidity of mind. Twenty-five years before the birth of Chriſt, when it was firſt erected, there were ſeven ſteps leading to the entrance, but Rome has ſo much ſuffered by devaſtations, and the ground has been ſo much raiſed, that a few centuries ago, inſtead of mounting, peopled uſed to deſcend thirteen ſteps. Pope Alexander VII. had the earth removed, ſo that the entrance is now quite even. The vault was not covered with bronze, as is commonly maintained, but ſupported by large maſſes of metal in form of timbers, which carried alſo the cieling of the portico. Pope Urban VIII. ordered them to be taken off, to build the high altar of St. Peter's, and to found

found eighty cannons for the citadel of *Monte Angelo*. The weight of the metal amounted to 186,392 pounds. In order to make amends to the pantheon, or rather to the church of St. Mary, as it now is called, he had two mean-looking towers built upon it. The air of antiquity which was notwithſtanding viſible in the vault or cieling, has been, in our times, entirely deſtroyed by Pope Boniface XIV. who had it whitewaſhed in the modern manner.

It was the lot of this ſplendid edifice to ſuffer more by friends than by enemies. As early as the year 663, it was ſtript by the emperor Conſtantine III. who had all its beautiful ſtatues and all that was valuable, brought to Conſtantinople; he would not however touch the twenty-eight waggon-loads of relics which pope Boniface IV. had ordered to the pantheon in the year 607. I am informed, that in this preſent century, in the pontificate of Benedict

XIV.

XIV. this holy treaſure was again recruited with forty waggons, loaded with the ſame holy articles. To procure them is a matter of neither difficulty nor expence, as the Catacombs, which I ſhall mention hereafter, contain ſtill wherewithal to load many waggons. In the pantheon are the tombs of Raphael d' Urbino, Hannibal Carrache, and other great painters, beſides that of Meng, a German. The chevalier Azara, miniſter at the court of Rome, had, at his own expence, a little monument erected to the latter, with an inſcription of his own: he would imitate cardinal Bembo, who made the excellent and well-known epitaph of Raphael, but ſucceeded very badly. His epitaph expreſſes neither the native country of that celebrated German painter, nor the monarch in whoſe ſervice he was, nor the name of his great benefactor: the whole expreſſes, that he, Azara, a friend of Meng's, had this monument erected to his memory.

In

In ſpite of the great care taken not to touch the ruins of the great Coliſeum, which has been done formerly, it falls by degrees under the power of time; huge maſſes of ſtone detach themſelves from it and roll upon each other, as there are everywhere wide breaches between, and there is no cement to keep them together, it may naturally be ſuppoſed, that in a few centuries more nothing of the upper part will be left: but the lower, with its enormous vaults, is made for eternity, and will ſurely out-laſt all the ruins of Rome. A certain painter to a German court was like to have loſt his life in this decaying edifice: he was a-ſitting beneath a hovering maſs of ſtones, occupied with drawing; he roſe to fetch ſomething, and the moment after the ſtones, with a ſudden dreadful crack, detached themſelves, covered the place where he had been ſitting, and buried alſo his chair, hat, cane, and drawing-book, which may, perhaps, ſome day give employment to future antiquarians.

This

This vaſt building could be ſeen entire in 1534; it had 1612 feet in circumference, and contained eighty arcades. Of the broken ſtones of this gigantic work, the palace of Farneſe, St. Mark's, and the chancery, have been erected. Its amphitheatrical ruins are now held ſacred, as ſo many chriſtians ſuffered martyrdom in them. Altars have been erected within, before which ſome devout ſouls are always praying, in order to obtain the indulgences annexed to thoſe acts of devotion.

Near the Coliſeum is the triumphal arch of Titus, which looks now like the gate of ſome little walled town: it ſtands at the fartheſt corner of the ancient Roman Forum, ſtript of all its ornaments, and moſt ſhockingly mutilated. This ſplendid monument, in ſpite of its inſcriptions, would be looked upon as a common thoroughfare, did not the excellent bas-reliefs of its inſide engage one's attention.

tion. The ground is ſo elevated here that one may graſp the figures. This arch was erected in honour of Titus, for having conquered Judea: his triumph was the moſt magnificent ever beheld in Rome. The number of triumphs, from Romulus to Titus, amounted to three hundred. Upon it is a repreſentation of the ſacred vaſes of the temple of Jeruſalem, the golden candleſtick, the table with the ſhew-bread, the decalogue, and the vaſes uſed for ſacrifices, all theſe decorate the triumph of Titus. The real form of the ſacred utenſils, which are not only objects of reverence to the jews, but to the chriſtians too, would never have been known to us without this monument, upon which they have, in all probability, been delineated with the greateſt faithfulneſs to their originals. This arch has been ſhamefully neglected, whilſt ſo many inſignificant things are preſerved with the greateſt carefulneſs. No jew will paſs through it, and will rather take a long bye-

bye-way: the repreſentation of thoſe profaned holy things muſt, at any rate, cauſe a poignant grief to this oppreſſed nation. Not far from it began the *Via Sacra*, which led to the Capitol.

Greater care has been taken of the arch of Conſtantine; they not only left untouched its own ornaments, but even ſtript that of Titus, to embelliſh the monument of the firſt chriſtian emperor, which title has atoned for all his heinous crimes, whilſt the beneficent Titus was quite out of conſideration in the middle ages, becauſe he was a heathen. We ſee upon this arch eight fine ſtatues without heads; high as they ſtood, they were taken off ſome night without the leaſt noiſe; and the perſons who did it, and the method they made uſe of to accompliſh ſo difficult an enterprize, have remained a ſecret to this very hour.

In this district, upon Mount Palatine, was the golden house of Nero, which, by its splendor, out-did every thing in Rome, but its existence was very short. The real imperial palace, in which Augustus lived forty years, was a plain structure, and of moderate extent; but it was much increased by Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, till finally destroyed by fire in the year of Christ 64, at which period Nero had his golden house erected upon the same spot. There was a marble statue in its vestibule 120 feet high, which was afterwards, by order of Vespasian, removed to his amphitheatre, and dedicated to the sun. He had seven gilt metal rays put about the head of this Colossus, each twenty-two feet and a half long. The spot on which the golden house has formerly been standing, is now converted into vineyards and pleasure gardens: nevertheless, some considerable ruins of it are still extant, and among them a German nobleman has fixed his residence, who is always busy with having the

the ground turned up. Digging is, in general, much carried on in Rome, and the property which ſeveral private perſons have acquired by it, is the greateſt inducement to that practice: among this number is the celebrated Mr. Hamilton, a Scotch painter, who has made Rome his reſidence for many years, and got a conſiderable eſtate by digging. Theſe ſubterraneous ſearches afford ſo much more encouragement, as the individual that undertakes them has never been a loſer: if he digs out ſtatues or other monuments, he makes his fortune; if not, he always finds ſuch a quantity of all ſorts of marble, as will ſufficiently pay his expences. The Romans ſay, that though digging was at no time more in vogue than now, yet at no former period leſs has been found than at preſent.

The ancient Forum Romanum, or public market place, does indeed exhibit a ſad ſpectacle. Among the huge ruins on all

all ſides; we behold three columns which ſtand quite ſeparate, and are looked upon as the fineſt in Italy: the place which was formerly filled with ſtatues, and contained the roſtrum of the Ciceros; the place where ſo many great occurrences happened, and where the people of Rome decided, during many centuries, the fate of all nations, is now degraded to a cattle-market. Here was the temple of concord, built by Camillus, the dictator; that of Saturn, in which the public treaſures were kept; that of *Jupiter tonans*, or the thundering Jove; beſides thoſe of Antonine and Fauſtina: the front of the latter, which makes the entrance to a church, is ſtill to be ſeen, with many other temples and public buildings.

If the circumference of the ancient forum is ſtrongly examined, its ſmall extent muſt appear ſurprizing; becauſe the preſent cattle-market *(Campo Vaccino)* occupies much more ſpace than the ancient

forum. The market places of our great cities are, for the moſt part, more extenſive. But all ſurpriſe will ceaſe, if we allow it to have been large enough in the beginning of the commonwealth: when Rome did afterwards grow more powerful, the forum could not be extended farther, becauſe it was beſet with many fine buildings, which were, moſtly ſacred to the gods, and could not for that reaſon be demoliſhed. This gave an opportunity to Julius Cæſar to have afterwards a new place made, which received from him the name of *Forum Cæſaris*. The ſmall extent of the ancient forum has alſo been the cauſe that the people aſſembled, on all extraordinary occaſions, in the field of Mars, which was far more ſpacious.

In the preſent *Campo Vaccino* there are, beſides the above ruins, ſome other great ones, commonly ſuppoſed to be the remains of the temple of peace. This opinion of the antiquarians, ancient as it

is, has been a ſubject of great controverſy: the ſtrongeſt argument againſt it is the ſtill remaining ruins, which bear not the leaſt reſemblance to a Roman temple; nor is it credible, that the temple of Janus ſhould, ſingly and alone, have been different from the others, its partitions being quite the reverſe of the form of a Roman temple.

The white marble triumphal arch of Septimius Severus ſtands alſo upon this place, and is half covered with earth; its great lateral arcades are entirely filled up with it, but in other reſpects it has been tolerably well preſerved. Here the people aſcended the *Via Sacra*, or the holy way, which leads to the Capitol; but he that wiſhes to reach it now, muſt paſs over a great ſand-hill, and its principal avenue is at preſent from the oppoſite ſide. This place has a very noble appearance; the fine ſtairs with ſphynxes, the marble ſtatues, the trophies of Marius, the Roman mile-

ſtones, the braſs ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius, and the buildings that ſtand on it, are all like the ſceneries of an opera. With regard to the buildings, they ſtand confeſſed by connoiſſeurs, the meaneſt productions of Michael Angelo. One of them is filled with ſtatues, another with paintings: the former are uncommonly valuable, and only ſurpaſſed by thoſe of the Clementine Muſeum. The antiquities to be found here conſiſt of an excellent commentator upon the Roman hiſtorians, chiefly upon Suetonius and Dio Caſſius. In the veſtibule ſtands the celebrated *colonna roſtrata*, erected to the honour of Cajus Duillius, for his victory over the Carthaginians. This was the firſt naval victory of the Romans. The column is but ſmall, and has not above nine feet, the baſe included. Its antiquity, and the end for which it was erected, muſt alone render it worthy of notice: it was once placed on the forum near the roſtrum. There are excellent bas-reliefs in the

the ſame veſtibule, which repreſent the triumph of Marcus Aurelius over the Parthians, and formerly embelliſhed his triumphal arch.

The principal palace upon the Capitol is that of the ſenator of Rome. This dignity, once the noble boaſt of ſo many Romans upon the ſeven mounts, is now united in one man, who has the firſt ſeat in a certain court of juſtice, beſides ſome peculiar prerogatives. The pretenſions of this ſenator are ſo high and extravagant, as to make him contend for precedence with the ambaſſadors of the greateſt monarchs in Europe. It is remarkable, that this dignity, againſt the uſual cuſtom of cities, who elect their magiſtrates from among their own citizens, muſt be given to a foreigner, nor can any Roman obtain it. The revenues of the ſenator amount to 2000 ſcudi per annum. There is a bell in the palace which is only rung to acquaint the people that the pope is

dead, and at the carnival, that they may maſk themſelves.

The church of *Ara Cœli*, ſituate upon this mount, belongs to the Franciſcan monks, and has been raiſed upon the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitoline. One mounts to it upon 120 marble ſteps, taken from the ruins of the temple of Quirinus. Here remain ſtill ſome pillars of the ancient temple of Jupiter, which ſtrike the ſenſes with the moſt lively remembrance of this ſanctuary of the ancient Romans. It was on the feaſt of St. Francis when I, for the firſt time, entered this church, and heard an excellent muſical performance: ſoon after, my mind was quite loſt in the depth of meditations. This ſpot was, I may ſay, the center of the earth, the greateſt ſanctuary of one of the moſt enlightened nations of the ancient world; a nation which conſidered the kingdoms of all zones, as back-buildings to the Capitol. Here were kept the

the books of the Sybil: here were the twelve ſacred-ſhields which, according to Livy, hung on the pillars of the temple. Jupiter's ſtatue was of maſſive gold; that of the goddeſs of victory was of the ſame precious metal, and weighed 320 pounds. The pillars of this magnificent edifice were taken by Sylla from the temple of Jupiter Olympius and brought to Rome. Immenſe have been the treaſures of this Capitoline temple; it contained the preſents of conquered kings and nations, a great number of golden crowns and vaſes, precious ſtones, ſtatues of marble and metal, pictures, implements of war taken as booty, trophies, and a great number of arms, offered up by famous warriors by way of a vow. On the ſides of the temple, tables of bronze were hanging, on which the Roman laws have been engraved. The contraſt of thoſe times with our own, is no where more ſtriking than here. Inſtead of all this wealth, we behold a ſet of miſerable, ſmutty Franciſcan friars, who

have made the vow of poverty, and intruded, to the number of three hundred, upon that ſacred ſpot of ground; and what renders the contraſt ſtill more perfect, is the outſide of the building, which looks like a village church.

There are ſome ruins of the triumphal arch of Janus at the foot of mount Palatine; it had forty-eight niches with ſtatues in them: there are alſo ruins the triumphal arch of Druſus, and of Gallienus; the former was at the beginning of the Appian road, *(Via Appia)* and the latter at the foot of mount Eſquiline, where the gardens of Gallienus had been ſituated. The inſcription, which ſtill remains, ſays, that it was erected by Marcus Aurelius.

After the Coliſeum, the baths of Caracalla form the greateſt ruins in Rome. The outſide walls are leſs decayed than thoſe of other baths, and ſtill ſhew their enor-

enormous extent. Their priſtine ſplendor was amazing, they contained 1600 marble chairs for thoſe that were bathing. The water-pipes were ſilver, and the walls decked with valuable marble, illuminated with lamps of cryſtal. The celebrated *torſo*, or marble trunk of great perfection, beſides a ſtatue now called the Farneſian Hercules, have both been found here. The baths of the emperor Dioclesian exceeded, however, thoſe of Caracalla in point of extent; the former ſet 40,000 chriſtian ſlaves to work at them, 30,000 of whom loſt their lives. The broken ruins of theſe baths compoſe now the corn magazine on the place of *Termini*; but the ſpace which takes up the emperor's hall, is converted into a church belonging to Carthuſian monks. This church is a maſter-piece of Michael Angelo, who gave it the ſame ſpace which it had before when it was a hall, and let ſtand the eight large granite pillars on the ſame place where they had formerly been

placed, which was the center, and is of courſe the center of the church.

The temples were conſecrated to perform the rites and ceremonies of the gods; the theatre, amphitheatre, baſiliſk, &c. had each their particular purpoſes of deſtination; but in the baths, every thing ſeems to have been united. Beſides a great number of cloſets, they contained large halls, and porticoes to walk about, beſides ſeats for the aſſemblies of philoſophers. The beſt libraries were brought hither, and the people entertained with theatrical performances and combats.

In the baths of the emperors nothing could ſurpaſs the magnificence of the halls. The ceilings were ſupported by granite pillars, the floors of Moſaic work, and the walls covered with the rareſt marble and ornamented with the greateſt maſterpieces of painting and ſtatuary. The rooms in which the bathing people were rubbed

rubbed and perfumed, have alſo been full of thoſe magnificent productions: even the places where the oils and perfumes were kept diſplayed great elegance. The galleries and porticoes ſupplied the place of wardrobes, where, on account of the great concourſe of people, certain perſons were hired to take care of the cloaths of ſuch as bathed. The vaſes and various utenſils correſponded perfectly with this magnificence. The baths were of granite or porphyr; ſome were fixed, others moveable, and ſome ſuſpended, in order to heighten the pleaſure of bathing by ſlight motions.

Beſides St. Peter's, no church in Rome has fine paintings but that of the Carthuſian monks. It is built in form of a Grecian croſs, and more like a hall than a Roman church. The convent itſelf, which is the production of the ſame great artiſt, has above one hundred marble pillars: it is alſo remarkable for a gallery of copper

plates, which, as a private collection, can be equalled by few. Every body is admitted to ſee it gratis. A monk opens the door, lets in the curious, and ſhuts it immediately after them: this commodiouſneſs is highly pleaſing, people are left alone, undiſturbed, and may ſtay whole hours, and ſee this treaſure of art without being moleſted by the preſence of a diſagreeable Argus. The door is not opened, unleſs the perſon who wiſhes to come out rings the bell. The monks, whoſe order is well known for its ſevere and ſtrict rules,* carried their devotion, a few years ago, to ſuch a pitch, that ſome of them became hypochondriacs, others raving mad; the conſequence was, that they murdered each other without provocation or cauſe: for this reaſon they were

* It was founded by St. Bruno, whoſe life is in the Roman legend: the fathers de la Trappe, in Normandy, are of the ſame order. *Tranſlator.*

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compelled to put bounds to their fooliſh bigotry, and to become more ſocial.

The obeliſks have been a great addition to the ſplendor of ancient Rome: I have already deſcribed the great obeliſk of the ſun, which ſtood upon the field of Mars as a ſun-dial. There was a great number of them in ancient Rome, which had moſtly been brought from Egypt. Moſt of them lie ſtill buried under ground. No trouble is taken to look after them, as the expence of having them erected is too great an object. The four higheſt ones, which embelliſh modern Rome, have all been erected during the ſhort reign of Sixtus V. by the great architect Fontana; they ſtand before the three principal churches, except the fourth, which is upon the place del Popolo. There are eight more of an inferior ſize, like that of the Villa Albani, Villa Medicis, &c. &c.

The

The tombs of the ancient Romans outdid in ſplendor their baths, their theatres, and even their temples: the ruins of the three principal ones are ſtill extant; theſe were, the mauſoleum of Auguſtus, of Adrian, and Cæcilia Metella, the ſpouſe of Craſſus; of the former there are only left ſome paltry walls, wherefrom not the ſmalleſt notion of their former ſtate can be collected; they had the form of a pyramid, were divided in terraces, upon which people could walk from the top to the bottom under the ſhade of cypreſs trees; the colour of the trees was very ſuitable to the white ſtones of which the tombs were built, and to the ſtatues of braſs and marble, which, beſides two large obeliſks, graced their entrance.

The mauſoleum of Cæcilia, which was ſituated upon the Appian road, exhibits ſtill greater ruins, which may be deſcried at a diſtance of ſeveral Italian miles: it is not built of brick, like the Coliſeum, and other

other great monuments, but of ſtones, which give the higheſt notion of ancient architecture. The Italians call theſe ruins *Capo di bove*; they bear reſemblance to a thick round tower, and ſerved as ſtrong-holds to the petty tyrants who laid waſte the Roman territory. Some antiquarians aſſert, that there was formerly an echo in this tomb, contrived with ſo much art, as to repeat a verſe of Virgil, ſix times, quite plain, and ſeveral times more, but leſs diſtinctly. It was conſtructed in that manner, that the ſound of the cries of the mourners would redouble. The great and valuable urn, which contained the aſhes of Cæcilia, may now be ſeen in the court of the palace of Farneſe.

The mauſoleum of Adrian is the well-known *Monte Angelo*, but ſo much altered, that not the leaſt trace of its former deſtination is left: it had been erected by order of Adrian by the architect Detrian, in a moſt ſumptuous ſtyle; it was almoſt

almoſt covered with ſeven hundred ſtatues, and at the ſummit was an enormous grape of gilt braſs, which may now be ſeen in the court of the Vatican.

Among thoſe tombs whoſe ruins are ſtill remaining, the following two are the moſt remarkable, viz. the ſtill uncertain mauſoleum of the Scipios, upon the Appian or military cauſeway, and what they call the monument of the Horatii and Curiatii in Albano. The latter mauſoleum conſiſted of five pyramids, two of which are ſtill in a good condition. The opinion of its having been erected for thoſe noble champions who fell in the cauſe of their country, is ſufficiently refuted by the antiquarians: it is with more probability ſuppoſed to be the monument of the great Pompey, who, as Plutarch informs us, was buried in Albano, when Cornelia his widow had received his aſhes from Egypt. The five pyramids are ſaid to be in remembrance of the five ſignal

nal victories obtained by that general before he was firſt created conſul.

At the cloſe of the laſt century there were ſtill left ſome conſiderable ruins of the beautiful ſeptizonium of Septimius Severus, but they are now all gone; it conſiſted of an edifice made of ſeven columns, with as many ſtories and colonnades above each other: it was towered up like a pyramid, and from top to bottom nothing could be ſeen but columns and ſtatues, which preſented an admirable view. Even of the ruins of this ſingular building, upon Mount Palatine, ſome were ſtill ſeven ſtories* high in the laſt century: they

* This opinion is founded upon a copper plate of the ſame century, now in my own poſſeſſion. A great antiquarian has given me another of the ſixteenth, which repreſents the ſeptizonium with three ſtories only: this was confirmed by the edition of the views of Rome publiſhed in 1550. According to Cook the lower ſtory conſiſts of Ionian, the middling of Corinthian, and the uppermoſt

they conſiſted of pillars ſet on each other, which ſhewed ſomething of the form of the edifice when entire; but at preſent the place where it formerly ſtood, is as much unknown to the greateſt part of antiquarians, as the purpoſe for which it was erected.

The ſole monument which has been preſerved entire to this day, is the pyramid of Ceſtus near St. Paul's gate; it is 110 feet high, and each ſide of the baſis has 86½ feet in length. This Roman lived not long before the time of Auguſtus, and had never filled any of the high offices of ſtate; his tomb is, however, magnificent, a circumſtance which proves the great luxury of his age. In the field behind *Monte Angelo* there was a ſimilar pyramid, which the popes ordered to be

moſt of Roman pillars. The matter muſt, therefore, be left undecided, though I ſafely own, that the more ancient repreſentation deſerves more credit.

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pulled down in the iron ages of barbariſm.

A very remarkable tomb was diſcovered near the Appian road in 1500: they found in it the body of a young lady ſwimming in an unknown liquor; at her feet ſtood a burning lamp, which extinguiſhed immediately upon being brought to the air. The corpſe was as freſh as if it had been but juſt put in; but from an inſcription it appeared that it had lain there for upwards of 1500 years. It has been ſuppoſed to be the body of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, who died before her father. Her hair was fair, and kept together with a golden pin. The corpſe was brought to the Capitol, and expoſed to the populace, who, from its having reſiſted corruption, began to believe that it was the body of ſome ſaint; but pope Alexander VI. to convince them of their error, ordered this extraordinary anti-

antiquity to be thrown into the Tiber. *

To the moſt remarkable Roman antiquities belong the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, which had 378 feet in diameter, and whoſe outſide walls are ſtill remaining: beſides the ruins of the three aqueducts of Nero, Titus Veſpaſian, and Caracalla.

* This anecdote, related by ſeveral Italian hiſtorians and antiquarians, is by many called into queſtion: it even ſtarted my own doubts, yet ſomething of it may be true.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

MODERN ROME. — *Gate Del Popolo.— Corſo. — Plan of ancient Rome in the Capitol.—Bridge of Ponte Mole.—Great Number of remarkable Objects in this City.—St. Peter's Church and Place.— Tombs above and underground.—Laterano Church. — Preſents of Conſtantine the Great. — Surpriſing Adventure of Pope Ganganelli in this Church. — Laterano Palace.—Baptiſm Edifice.—Santa Maria Magiore. — St. Paul's. — St. Andrea di Ponte Mole. — St. Agnes. — Palace and Library of the Vatican. — Cardinal Zelada the Librarian.—Clementine Muſeum. —Apollo.—Excellence of the Grecian productions of Art.—Palace of Monte Cavallo. — Palace of Farneſe. — Farneſian Bull, the greateſt marble group in the World. — Succeſſion of Farneſe. — Villa*

Medicis. — Palace of Borgheſe. — Villa Borgheſe. — Villa Albani. — Villa Pamphili. — Palaces of Barberini, Colonna, Juſtiniani, and Spada. — Monte Angelo. — Fountains. — Great Fountain on the place of Navonna, the Chef-d'œuvre of Bernini.

NOTWITHSTANDING the magnificence of modern Rome, it is not much better than a village in compariſon to the ancient city. The very firſt entrance through the gate *Del Popolo*, formerly *Porta Flaminia*, gives a ſtriking repreſentation of its preſent ſtate, viz. magnificence and poverty matched with peculiar oddity. An obeliſk, a fountain, a fine gate, and three churches, interſperſed with mean houſes, compoſe the place *Del Popolo*, and give it a peculiar effect. Here the malefactors are executed. I ſaw a ſingular capital puniſhment, which the Romans deſcribe as very ancient, and call it *macellare*. The delinquent is knock-

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ed on the head with a mace, the ſame as we kill certain cattle, which ſhortens both his anguiſh and torments, but is looked upon as the moſt diſgraceful death.

The ſtreet Il Corſo, which leads hither, is the moſt capital and longeſt in Rome: it is as ſtraight as a line, and interſects almoſt the beſt inhabited part of the city. Though no ſtreet is broader than this, yet every traveller muſt call it narrow. It is remarkable, that even in ancient Rome the ſtreets were generally narrow, which was probably owing to the heat of the climate. It was not the ſtreets, therefore, which made the boaſt of the queen of cities, but the public places or ſquares upon which the Romans diſplayed their boundleſs magnificence. As a proof of this aſſertion, may be adduced the plan of a conſiderable part of ancient Rome, which was engraved upon Egyptian ſtones, in the reign of Septimius Severus, and of which large fragments

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are preſerved in the Capitol to this very hour. Theſe broken ruins were dug out in the *Campo Vaccino*, and are expoſed to ſight in ſix diviſions. From them may likewiſe be collected, that the cauſeways and bridges of that great nation were very narrow: two carriages would have ſcarcely avoided touching one another.

This narrowneſs of ſpace may alſo be perceived in the bridge of *Ponte Mole*, which leads to Rome from the Tuſcan ſide, and lies only at the diſtance of one Italian mile from the city. It was built by Æmilius Scaurus, who called it *Pons Milvius*, and is famous for great events. It was upon this bridge that Cicero, after having unravelled the plot of Cataline, detained his accomplices when going to the camp of their ringleader. It was upon this bridge that Conſtantine the Great obtained a victory over the tyrant Maxentius. It was the road on which ſo many heroes returned triumphant to their country, on

which

which ſo many kings were dragged priſoners to Rome, on which the ambaſſadors of ſo many kingdoms and ſtates approached the ſeat of the empire, to crave the aſſiſtance of the people of Rome, to court their favour, or to appeaſe their anger.

In ſome great cities a week is ſufficient for a traveller to ſee whatever is remarkable, but in Rome it requires four months to take a curſory view of its curioſities, and whole years to make a cloſe inſpection. I am confident that even at preſent we would know but little of ancient Rome, were it not for the ruins preſerved and the modern productions of art. It is ſurely not its being the reſidence of the pope that conſtitutes the meridian of its glory. They are but artiſts and travellers who maintain its 170,000 inhabitants. Agriculture wholly neglected, an inſignificant trade, a ſmall number of fabrics and manufactures, and whole ſwarms of monks, make Rome in

proportion one of the ſmalleſt cities in Europe. The revenues of the pope are far from being ſo great as generally believed; but the tribute which all countries and princes pay to Rome for its productions of art is great indeed, and does maintain its inhabitants. Able artiſts in all branches are here ſo much accumulated with buſineſs, that works of importance are often laid aſide and not completed at all.

St. Peter's lies at a great diſtance from the well-inhabited part of this city, and altogether in the pooreſt quarter; for this reaſon all the ſtreets which lead to it are mean, and check ſomewhat its majeſtic appearance. To ſurvey the whole, a perſon muſt ſtand quite near the colonnade. In ſpite of all the admiration which the ſight of this church does excite, every impartial traveller, who with a ſound eye has ſeen Rome and London, muſt acknowledge the view of the façade

of St. Paul's from Ludgate-hill to make a much ſtronger impreſſion; but its ſituation being leſs advantageous, without a ſquare, colonnades, ſtatues, obeliſks, or fountains, people are not ſo laviſh of their praiſes with regard to St. Paul's, and beſtow them with a degree of extravagance upon St. Peter's. The ſpacious ſquare before the latter, its colonnades, ſtatues, fountains, &c. are mere acceſſaries, and make no eſſential part of the building itſelf: its inſide is, however, enchanting, and ſtill more ſo, from a peculiar cleanlineſs, ſo unuſual in the palaces and churches of Rome. A certain number of perſons are daily employed in cleaning and decorating it, for which purpoſe there are ſcaffolds of a moſt ingenious conſtruction. The upholſterers have no ſcaffolds, when, preparatory to St. Peter's day, they are to hang carpets of tapeſtry from the top to the bottom of the church: it is the moſt dangerous work that can be imagined.

A great number of ladders are put upon each other, and the men go ſtraight on them to the ſummit, and faſten the carpets, quivering in the air. Theſe people have a conſtant ſalary from the church, which is very trifling. Accidents do occur very frequently, on which account they confeſs before they go to work. Their tutelar patron is St. Venantus, who is ſaid to have been thrown down from the top.

The great architect Bramante, maſter of the ſtill greater Raphael, made the firſt drawings for this maſter-piece of architecture, and laid its foundation in 1514.

The vaſt magnitude of this church becomes moſt viſible on high feaſts; and, notwithſtanding my long reſidence at Rome, I never ſaw it full on extraordinary occaſions, though from all parts crowds of people reſorted to it. The high

Rezzonico, were depoſited here without having received a monument from his ungrateful heirs, whom he accumulated with wealth and dignities: one of them, a cardinal, and of the ſame name, is ſtill living. In theſe vaults we find many old paintings, ſtatues, Moſaic work, nor are they without chapels, miraculous images, and relics of all ſorts.

All the fine altar paintings of St. Peter's are taken out from it, and committed to the care of other churches. They are replaced by copies in the Moſaic ſtyle. The transformation of Chriſt by Raphael, the moſt capital picture in Europe, has been copied in the ſame manner, and the original removed to the church of the Franciſcan Friars, ſituate upon mount Janiculine, the higheſt eminence of Rome. The humidity which manifeſts itſelf in St. Peter's threatened theſe maſter-pieces with deſtruction, and rendered ſuch meaſures neceſſary. The above-mentioned

ſtone-painting, copied from Raphael, coſt ſix thouſand ſcudi. Since it has been expoſed in St. Peter's, the peculiar art of cutting ſtones, which were formerly combined and cemented together, has been invented, and by it paintings are variegated and altered. The reſemblance between thoſe originals and the Moſaic copies is truly aſtoniſhing, and the art is no where cultivated but in Rome. The pariſh of St. Peter's keeps continually twelve of theſe artiſts in pay; but they, as well as all others who exerciſe this art, are paid as common mechanics, and live in indigence. Some time ago one Savini, of Urbino, has invented the art of making elevated Moſaic pieces; but till now nothing of conſequence has been produced in this branch. Although St. Peter's excels all other churches in magnificence, that of Laterano maintains the firſt rank, being the moſt ancient in Rome. It is the pope's pariſh as biſhop of Rome; and after his

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acceſſion to the eccleſiaſtic mitre, he makes it the firſt object of his care to take poſſeſſion of it. It is done with great pomp, and is in general the firſt and laſt time, that this eminent parſon viſits his pariſh-church. It has its name from the palace of the Roman ſenator, (Plautius Lateranus*) which was given by Conſtantine the Great to pope Melchiades, both to make it his reſidence, and to build a church: the latter was erected, and St. Sylveſter, his ſucceſſor, conſecrated it in the year 324, whence it is looked upon as the cathedral of Rome, and has the preference before St. Peter's.

The whole diſtrict between the Capitol and this great church was laid waſte in

* This Lateranus, as Tacitus informs us, was at the head of a conſpiracy againſt Nero, who having diſcovered it, had him executed, and confiſcated his eſtate. Hence this palace became the property of the emperor and his ſucceſſors down to Conſtantine the Great. *Tranſlator.*

1080 by Robert Guichard, prince of Salerno, a Norman, and has not been peopled ever ſince: all is here wild and deſolate. This magnificent church and its obeliſk, and the buildings adjacent, ſeem to lie in the fields, yet they are within the walls of the city.

Anaſtaſius, the librarian, gives an account of the preſents which Conſtantine made to this church, after he had been baptized in it. This catalogue is remarkable, and contains the following articles: A ſilver vaſe for water, uſed for the ſacrament of baptiſm, which weighed three hundred pounds and upwards; a column of porphyr, on which hung a golden lamp, weighing fifty pounds; a ſilver ſtatue of Chriſt, weighing one hundred and ſeventy, another of one hundred and forty, and another of one hundred and thirty pounds; a ſilver ſtatue of St. John Baptiſt of one hundred pounds; four ſilver angels of one hundred and fifty pounds each,

and

and twelve ſilver apoſtles of ninety pounds each; ſeven ſilver ſtags of eighty pounds each; a little gold box beſet with forty-two precious ſtones; four golden crowns of twenty, a ſilver chain of forty, and four ſilver altar-baſes of two hundred pounds. It is alſo ſaid, that he ordered the roof of the church to be covered with 2025 pounds of ſilver; and to all this he added a golden lamp of eighty pounds, forty-five ſilver ones, and forty golden calixes.

Nothing has been left of all theſe treaſures: nevertheleſs the church is rich, becauſe ſo many emperors, kings, and princes, ſettled eſtates upon it, which it ſtill enjoys in quiet poſſeſſion. Henry IV. of France, preſented it with the abbey of Clerac in Guienne, which fetches annually 5000 Roman ſcudi. It is alſo remarkable, that this church ſtands under the protection of the Roman emperor, as ſucceſſor of Conſtantine, and of the king of France, as the eldeſt ſon of the church;

the arms of both monarchs are placed over the porch of the great gates. This magnificent temple is little viſited, from its being at too great a diſtance, it is therefore always empty, though the gates are open all day, like thoſe of other churches of Rome. The inhabitants only aſſemble when the pope takes poſſeſſion of it, in order to receive the firſt benediction of his new-elected holineſs, which is given from a balcony like that of St. Peter's. I ſhall inſert here a very peculiar anecdote relating to the reverend Ganganelli. When Clement XII. made his entry in this church, Ganganelli was among the crowd as a ſpectator; he mounted upon the baſe of a pillar to have a better ſight of the proceſſion, but a Swiſs guard, with his halberd, drove him from his poſt, and gave him ſeveral blows into the bargain. How little could this excellent man think that he himſelf was to act the chief part at the next ceremony of this kind, and that he would become the immediate ſucceſ-

for

for of him, before whom he was then in humble proſtration with all the people of Rome! What an immenſe diſtance is there between a wretched and mean Franciſcan friar, who goes bare-footed, and the pope of Rome, who receives divine worſhip! The remembrance of this occurrence made him ſmile when he was elected pope eleven years after, and carried in great ſtate paſt this pillar. He recounted himſelf this anecdote after the ceremony was ended, and the cardinals had aſked him for the motive of his ſmiling.

The twelve marble apoſtles of coloſſal ſize produce a very fine effect in this church; ſome of them are ſo well executed, as to belong among the beſt productions of modern ſtatuary. Here are alſo two entire columns of that rare ſtone called *Giallo antico*, whoſe ſmalleſt fragments are valuable. In St. Thomas's chapel is, among other rarities, the ark of the covenant of the jews; it conſiſts of two

two planks without any ornament, and is ſo much disfigured by age, as to render it difficult to know what ſort of wood it conſiſts of. It is the common tradition, that this ark, beſides ſome other relics, was ſent to Rome by St. Helen: however, in the liſt which Flavius Joſephus gives of the treaſures and ſacred things which were taken from the temple of Jeruſalem and conveyed to Rome, not the leaſt mention is made of the ark, neither is it repreſented upon the triumphal arch of Titus: but we read in the ſecond book of Macchabæus, that Jeremiah brought it, with the altar of incenſe, to the cavern of mount Nebo, propheſying at the ſame time, that they would remain concealed there, until God had gathered his people, and ſhould be reconciled to them.

The obeliſk, which ſtands before the church of Laterano, is the greateſt in Rome, and full of hieroglyphics; it meaſures

ſures 112 feet in length, without including the high baſe. Conſtantine M. had it fetched from Egypt, and gave it a place in the great circus. It was laying in pieces upon the ground when Sixtus V. that pope, who cannot ſufficiently be praiſed for the care he took to embelliſh Rome, ordered the celebrated architect Fontana to put it together, and to erect it. The popes have inhabited the palace of Laterano, which lies cloſe to the church, for upwards of a thouſand years, until they made Avignon their reſidence. Seventy years after, when Gregory XI. came again to Rome, the uſual reſidence of the popes, this palace was ſo much decayed, that he was forced to fix his abode in the Vatican, where all his ſucceſſors have remained, till a palace was conſtructed on *Monte Cavallo*. The modern magnificent Laterano palace was built by Sixtus V. but the popes never come to it, but to take poſſeſſion: for this reaſon, it has been made a hoſpital for old women

and

and girls. Not far from here ſtands the beautiful baptiſm-edifice of Conſtantine M. who, as tradition runs, was chriſtened here by St. Sylveſter; yet Euſebius and other fathers of the church maintain, that this emperor was baptized in the city of Nicomedia, towards the latter end of his life: be as it will, the building exiſts here, and its ſplendor compenſates for its ſmallneſs. The fonts and pillars are of porphyr. All jewiſh and heathen converts who turn chriſtians in Rome, are baptized here, in order to ſupport the above tradition, and to make ſo ſplendid an edifice ſerve ſome purpoſe.

To this group of buildings belongs alſo that in which there is the ſacred ſtairs: it conſiſts of marble, has twenty-eight ſteps, and is ſaid to have been formerly in the palace of Pilate at Jeruſalem, where Jeſus Chriſt went up and down upon it. It leads, with four other common ſtairs, to a place where ſome very particular relics are

are preſerved. Nothing is more worſhipped than theſe ſtairs; at every hour of the day people are dragging themſelves up and down upon their knees; this mode of worſhip wore out the ſtones to ſuch a degree, as to render it neceſſary to belay the whole with a wooden caſe, and whoever touches that, is deemed to touch a thing quite as ſacred as the covered original. This holy ſpot being at a conſiderable diſtance, the going to it is looked upon as a little pilgrimage, to which the pope's indulgences are annexed. Many perform it by way of penitence for their ſins, others make vows to repeat, at certain ſtated times, this experiment, which is really painful and laſts long, becauſe certain prayers muſt be ſaid over every ſtep. People muſt not aſcend it but on their knees; and thoſe who wiſh to make uſe of their feet, muſt go up the common ſteps, which are put near the former.

There

There are always ſome pilgrims in the way to ſee the ceremony properly performed. I was preſent one day, when a French officer, wiſhing to turn this eſtabliſhed rule into ridicule, feigned ignorance, boldly advanced with long ſtrides upon the ſacred ſtairs, and had already got up half a dozen of ſteps, when he was prevented from going farther, by the dreadful cries of the pilgrims. His being a foreigner, and his pretended ignorance, were the only apology, which ſaved him from the vengeance of a troop of devotees, who reſented highly ſo profane an action. In Naples nothing leſs than his life would have atoned for the attempt.

The church of Santa Maria Magiore is alſo one of the principal churches of Rome, though little viſited, becauſe it lies at too great a diſtance: it contains two large chapels, the one of Sixtus, and the other of Borgheſe, and both of equal magnificence. The altar of the latter is embelliſhed

beſſiſhed with four columns of Aſiatic jaſper. Before the church ſtands an obeliſk, which adorned once the tomb of Auguſtus; on the oppoſite ſide is a very beautiful pillar, which belonged to the great temple of peace, but now it bears a Virgin Mary. In the church commonly called St. Peter in chains (*in vinculis*) is the monument of pope Julius II. the boaſt of Michael Angelo, and of modern ſtatuary in general. It is the opinion of the greateſt connoiſſeurs, that it is as much ſuperior to the beſt modern productions of this art, as it is inferior to thoſe of the ancients, and admired in the Clementine Muſeum. Michael Angelo himſelf ſubſcribed to this opinion, though he had ſo much reaſon to be proud of his own merit in that art.

St. Paul's, ſituate without the city, is alſo reckoned one of the moſt capital churches of Rome. Its external ſtructure is not very attractive, but its internal ſplen-

ſplendid materials, ſuch as the rareſt ſorts of marble, Egyptian porphyr, and braſs work, make it one of the moſt magnificent temples on earth. The eſteem in which this church is held by the Romans, is founded upon its antiquity, having been built in the eighth century by order of Charlemagne. It lies about two Engliſh miles from Rome; notwithſtanding this, the air of that diſtrict is, to the higheſt degree, unwholeſome; and there are certain times of the year, when the prieſts and monks muſt leave it and ſeek their lodgings in Rome.

To the number of beautiful churches belongs alſo that of *St. Andrea di Ponte Mole*, commonly called *Papa Giulio*; it was built in the ſtile of the ancient Roman temples, by the celebrated architect Barozzi, alias Vignole. It is admired as a maſter-piece of architecture, and for this reaſon diligently viſited by all young artiſts. The church of St. Conſtantia is

alſo

also very remarkable for having been formerly a temple of Bacchus; its form is a complete rotunda.

Before the gate *Porta Pia* is St. Agnes's church, where, on the annual feasts of that virgin, lambs are consecrated, of whose fleece the pallium is made. Two of those animals, usually crowned with garlands and decorated with ribbands, are laid upon the high altar on cushions of white damask, beset with gold fringes and trimmings. After they have been consecrated in the church, they are brought to the pope, who consecrates them a second time, and commits them to the care of certain convents.

Though no palace in Europe can equal the Vatican in point of extent, yet I am greatly in doubt, whether it contains 12000 rooms, both great and small, even allowing the least closet or corner to be included. Its inside displays not much

magnificence, but the apartments and galleries, with the paintings of Raphael, the chapel of Sixtus, the library, and Clementine muſeum, make ſufficient amends for this defect: adding to theſe the adjacent church of St. Peter's, it muſt be confeſſed the moſt intereſting ſpot on earth, with regard to the arts. The apartments, with the pictures of Raphael, though without the leaſt furniture, are always crowded with admirers. The moſt capital painting to be found in them, is the ſchool of Athens, which takes up the whole ſide of the wall of a ſaloon. Among the Greek ſages we find the portrait of Bramante, Raphael's maſter. The chapel of Sixtus, and that of Paul, are both in the Vatican, and would elſewhere be looked upon as ſpacious churches. In the former is the famous picture of the day of judgement, by Michael Angelo. It is in this chapel the celebrated and inimitable *miſerere* is ſung during the paſſion-week, which deſerves to be circumſtantially deſcribed by

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ſome muſical amateur. It is very ſingular that this muſic could no where be imitated, even not in Rome; nor is it known to this hour how the chapel of Sixtus acquired ſo excluſive a merit: ſome attribute it to the ſtructure of the building, but there is nothing that can apparently diſtinguiſh it on that head: it may be deemed a true appendix to the theatre of Parma, which has alſo remained an enigma to this very day. To reſolve either enigma is left to our progeny, provided they be better acquainted with the rules of ſound, as I have already remarked.

The library of the Vatican does not contain ſo great a number of books as is generally imagined; it only conſiſts of about 50,000 volumes, which are all locked up in low preſſes: yet certain it is, that the intrinſic value of the books, and the rarities of many MSS. compenſate for that deficiency. The ſum of 3000 ſcudi is annually paid to keep them in good order.

order. Thoſe Romans, who are acquainted with the moſt important parts of this library, confeſs that it conſiſts of thoſe books which have been brought hither from Heidelberg. This literary treaſure is however little turned to the advantage of ſcience. The library opens only a few hours every day, and the Vatican lies at a great diſtance from the diſtrict inhabited by people of diſtinction and merit. To read prohibited books a written permiſſion is required, which muſt be obtained by way of petition, purporting, that the petitioner wiſhes to enable himſelf to refute them. A ſecular prieſt, an acquaintance of mine, obtained a permiſſion to read all the prohibited writings, except three books whoſe contents were of ſo oppoſite a nature from each other, as gives matter of ſurprife. They were, Monteſquieu's ſpirit of the laws; the civil hiſtory of the kingdom of Naples, by Giannone; and Voltaire's Maid of Orleans.

As

As the Italians prefer the arts to the ſciences, their libraries have rather the appearance of galleries, than of halls, to contain books. Paintings, ſtatues, buſts, &c. occupy the beſt places. This is alſo the caſe with the Vatican, in whoſe ſaloons every magnificence is diſplayed, books alone excepted; theſe learned guides have their places in cloſets. Mengs has beautified one of them with his pencil, which, though but little, is nevertheleſs very handſome.

The late cardinal Alexander Albani was librarian to this famous collection of books; at preſent cardinal Zelada occupies the charge: he is a man greatly addicted to ſcience, has a conſiderable library of his own, beſides a cabinet of natural hiſtory: he has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his generoſity, which does honour to his character as an Italian. During the laſt conclave, or election of a pope, a drama was publiſhed, under the title of

Il Conclave, in which every cardinal acted a part, to which his name was annexed. Such a virulent libel had, perhaps, never before made its appearance in Rome; it was rather more devoured than read, being written with a great deal of wit, and an exact knowledge of the perſons repreſented: it not only expreſſed the characters, paſſions, and private intentions, but alſo the very manner in which each of the cardinals uſed to expreſs himſelf; in ſhort, nothing could be more complete. The author being found out, was thrown into priſon; and notwithſtanding the protection of thoſe cardinals who were his friends, and whom he had repreſented as acting a noble part, he was going to be caſt for death; but Zelada, who had been repreſented with the blackeſt colours, reverſed the criminal proceedings and ſaved his enemy.

The greateſt ornament of the Vatican is the Clementine Muſeum, which ſurpaſſes all other collections of its kind in the world.

world. It owes its eſtabliſhment to pope Ganganelli; the preſent pope follows the example of his predeceſſor, and collects with the greateſt zeal: as this is known, he receives, by way of preſents, an immenſe number of antiques from all the cities and convents of his territories. The collection increaſes to ſuch a degree, that it will ſoon be impoſſible for the place to hold them. The neceſſity of placing thoſe productions with propriety, occaſioned a plan for a temple of antiques, which was admired by every connoiſſeur: but the inventor being a foreigner who had not much protection, the plan was unfortunately rejected, and a worſe one, drawn by a native, got the preference, notwithſtanding its having been executed in a moſt defective ſtile, eſpecially with regard to ſpaciouſneſs. Here we ſee Apollo, Laokoon, the ſtatue of Antinous and the trunk *(il torſo)*. This trunk of a ſtatue, though not much better than a block, is greatly admired by thoſe verſed

in the art of ſtatuary, being ſo faithfully imitated from nature. Though the Laokoon be alſo much admired, yet univerſal is the praiſe beſtowed upon the Apollo, which ſeems to be a production of the gods. It is ſuppoſed, with ſome reaſon, that the latter adorned the temple at Delphos. This muſeum was beautified in 1780 with the ſtatues of the Nine Muſes, brought hither from *Tivoli*; their ſize is after nature, and ſome of them are moſt excellent. He that wiſhes to admire this collection in its ſplendor, ſhould ſee it by the light of torches; the effect of its ſplendor becomes then aſtoniſhing, and furniſhes the niceſt contraſt between the beauties of light and ſhade, which the keeneſt eye would ſeek in vain by day.

The more we conſider the works of art ſhaped by the hands of the Greeks, and the nearer we get acquainted with a nation ſo great in many reſpects, the more increaſes our aſtoniſhment. To the fire

of

of the Italians, they joined the patience of the Dutch, and it is only in their productions we find the moſt ſublime ideas, executed with the utmoſt preciſion, and an attention but too often miſſed by the eye of genius. Thus to a combination of genius, taſte, and patience, the Greeks owe their ſuperiority in the arts over all the kingdoms of the globe; it is from them that the moſt enlightened nations pronounce a unanimous judgement upon the perfection or defects of a work, only from the greater or leſſer degree of reſemblance which ſuch a work bears to thoſe great patterns: in ſhort, the Greek ſtile and art ſhould be the object of univerſal ſtudy and emulation. If we ſearch for the cauſes which gave the Greeks this decided ſuperiority over the ancients and moderns, we ſhall find in them a concurrence of favourable circumſtances: their form of government was not a little conducive, becauſe it was free; their country full of great men, and their hiſtory replete

with ſplendid actions; even their religion promoted the arts, becauſe it was wholly poetical, and gave an unlimited ſcope to painting, to ſtatuary, and the other arts. It is obvious how many protectors theſe muſt have found in a republic, which nature herſelf ſeemed to have favoured with ſoftneſs of climate. It was in Greece ſhe ſhone in her brighteſt array, and gave her ſons the nobleſt organization. All theſe advantages united, could but form an admirable nation, and works for immortality.

The palace monte Cavallo, upon the Quirinal mount, is at preſent the reſidence of the popes; Pius VI. however changes it at intervals with the Vatican. The acceſs to this palace diſplays much grandeur. Here are the coloſſal groups of marble, which are ſaid to be the productions of Phidias and Praxiteles, and raiſed at all times matters of diſpute among the antiquarians: they were brought over from

Egypt by command of Conſtantine M. to be ornaments to his baths. As they loſt a great deal of effect, in point of view, by ſtanding too cloſe to one another, a plan has been preſented to alter their places, and to put them in a diametrical oppoſition, the one towards eaſt, and the other towards weſt. The architect, Antenori, transferred them according to that plan in 1784. The chief motive of the change has been to find a convenient place for the obeliſk, which has lately been dug out from under the premiſes of St. Roch's hoſpital.

The palace of Farneſe is reckoned the fineſt in Rome, and was built by Michael Angelo in 1545, upon the model of the theatre of Marcellus. The ſtones were taken from the Coliſeum, which was at that time not ſo much decayed. This palace boaſts of the celebrated gallery in which the brothers Carrache exhauſted all the art of their pencil. In the yard we ſee

the excellent Farneſian Hercules, by Glyceon the Athenian; an admirable Flora, and the urn of Cæcilia Metella, in which her aſhes were preſerved upon the Via Appia. All theſe excellent pieces are expoſed to the injuries of every ſeaſon. The enormous group, known by the ſurname of the Farneſian bull, belongs alſo to this palace. It is inconteſtably the greateſt marble group in the world, and conſiſts of a bull, five men, and a dog. It is maintained, that it was hewn out of one piece. The artiſts were Apollonius and Tauriſcus, both Rhodians. Pliny gives an account of this aſtoniſhing group in the 36th book of his natural hiſtory; it had been found in the baths of Caracalla, who had it transferred from Rhodus to Rome. A mean hut of planks has now been erected to cover it, but it takes away the light: it ſerves, however, its purpoſe, becauſe it tends not ſo much to keep the group ſheltered from the weather, as for the ſake of getting gratuities from thoſe who wiſh to ſee it.

This

This fine palace belongs now to the king of Naples, who has inherited the Farneſian eſtate, and all its curioſities: what remains ſtill of the latter, at the next conclave or election of a pope, will be transferred to Naples. This is no ſecret in Rome, and a palace has already been prepared to receive the Farneſian Hercules. Such opportunities are uſually taken in order to avoid the repreſentations of the pope, which are not ſpared in ſuch caſes. The preſent grand duke of Tuſcany made uſe of the ſame expedient to have the valuable group of Niobe brought to Florence, after it had long been an ornament to Rome and the palace of Medicis. The villa Farneſe lies in the city, and takes up the greateſt part of mount Palatine; here we ſee long walks of cypreſs trees, and a great number of vaults and piazzas of the ancient imperial palace: but as they belong to the king of Naples, they are all in decay, and will

ſoon form a common heap of ruins, with the other remains of ancient Rome.

The villa Mediciſ, of which the grand duke of Tuſcany, now Leopold II. is proprietor, is in the beſt condition, and ſtands open to every body: the garden adjoining is the only walk in Rome to which the people uſe to reſort; the Roman ladies of quality would be aſhamed to make uſe of their feet for the purpoſe of taking walks. The high gentry follow their example, and leave this garden to the populace and foreigners. Here have been the magnificent gardens of Lucullus. The ſituation of this garden is charming, it commands the view of all Rome; and though nature is as much neglected in it as in other gardens of Italy, yet every care has been taken to embelliſh it by art; it contains a great number of ancient ſtatues, an obeliſk, fountain, &c. It is alſo remarkable for two reſervoirs of granite, which have been found in the baths of Titus. Its greateſt

greateſt ornament was the group of Niobe, which, as I have already obſerved, has been transferred to Florence, where it ſtands in a ſpacious hall, whereas in this villa it has been a prey to the weather. The Venus of Medicis which was here, has alſo been tranſported to Florence, in the beginning of the laſt century. The beautiful ſtairs of *Monte di Trinita*, which conſiſt of one hundred and ſeventy-five marble ſteps, conduct to this palace.

Prince de Borgheſe, the richeſt nobleman in Rome, poſſeſſes the moſt ſplendid palace. His annual income is 150,000 Roman ſcudi,* and his court makes a very ſhining figure. I make uſe of the word court, which belongs only to ſovereigns in Europe, becauſe it is called ſo in Italy, and the appellation is juſtified

* A Roman ſcudi is about 4s. 6d. Engliſh currency.

by external ſplendor. The vaſt and magnificent palaces, the moſt valuable collections of paintings and antiquities, the great number of menial ſervants, among which there are even cavaliers or courtiers, paid for the ſake of ceremony; beſides the privileges of the Roman princes, whoſe abodes enjoy certain liberties, limited round the palaces and certain diſtricts; all this united, preſents the ſituation of the Roman nobles in a very advantageous point of view. De Borgheſe keeps uſually a hundred horſes in the city, and had, in 1780, eighty-three carriages and other vehicles: his gallery of paintings is royal, and contains above 1700 pictures; his collection of antiquities, excepting the Clementine Muſeum, ſurpaſſes all others in Europe, and even that of Florence. The palace itſelf is admirable; there are in it ſeventy-two doors of walnut ſhelves, inlaid with alabaſter, and in the yard one hundred granite pillars. The apartments are ſumptuouſly furniſhed,

niſhed, and lapis lazuli and porphyr laviſhed upon them. Here we find alſo a tomb of porphyr of uncommon magnitude, reckoned *unique* in its kind. It is ſurpriſing, that neither in this vaſt collection of paintings, nor in any other gallery of Rome, a ſingle picture of Corregio is to be found. When I was at Rome, a foreigner arrived with an image of the Virgin Mary, of that great maſter, and offered to ſell it for two thouſand zechins. The work was admired, but no body would buy it: even the ambition of becoming proprietor of a production unique in Rome could not prevail. Borgheſe anſwered, that he had plenty of pictures, and did not chooſe to augment their number.

It is a pity that this prince has as little taſte as any Roman nobleman, which is ſaying none, as his riches and natural propenſity to ſplendor might do wonders. At that time the works were carried on very

very briſkly in the palace of his villa, which lies in proximity of the city. It has been embelliſhed with the rareſt ſorts of marble in ſuch abundance as was never ſeen before, and the apartments are full of modern elegance, and gilt *à la Françoiſe*, which altogether makes a very groteſque appearance: he ſpends immenſe ſums upon it. It contains his ſuperb collection of antiques, and the outſide of the building is covered with ancient bas-reliefs. Here we ſee the Borgheſian gladiator, the hermaphrodite, which has been found in the gardens of Salluſt (the palace of Borgheſe, in the city, contains another much like this); the ſtatue of Silenus; Seneca dying, or rather a ſlave, in the bath; Cupid and Pſyche, by Bernini; and other rare productions. The bas-relief, which repreſents the Roman knight Curtius leaping into the gulph, is at preſent in the great hall of the palace, after it had been many years faſtened to the outſide and expoſed to the weather. The circumference of the villa

is

is very ſpacious, and encompaſſed with a wall. The Italian word *villa* implies a palace, and its ſecondary buildings, fruit, flower, and kitchen gardens, groves, parks, ponds, &c. are here united upon one ſpot.

The villa Borgheſe ſtands open all day long, ſo that every body may freely walk about in it. The beauties of the place, its vicinity to the city; in a word, every thing invites to it, yet this freedom is not taken, and its noble hoſts viſit it but rarely; they prefer, like all the Roman nobility, to take an airing every night before the gate del Popolo. This is the great faſhion, for the road leads always ſtraight to Ponte Mole, where they turn back through a narrow ſtreet between two high walls, which obſtructs all proſpect; the windows of the carriage are carefully ſhut, that the perſons in it may not be choaked with duſt. Here the rule *de guſtibus* may well be applied: pride, how-

however, takes care of the villas. Some years ago, in October, Borgheſe entertained the people of Rome in his villa with ſwinging and orbicular courſes, or races, and an amphitheatre was erected for the ſpectators, who came in great numbers. His end for doing this was political, and perhaps neceſſary to ſtop the murmurs of the people, who hate him with all their heart on account of his oppreſſive monopolies. It is a fact referring to the hiſtory of this villa, that in the ſixteenth century it belonged ſtill to a noble family, which furniſhed a ſcene of horror. The daughter, a young lady in the bloom of youth, and of exquiſite beauty, murdered her father with her own hands, not in a paſſion, or through provocation, but with mature deliberation and deſign. She was executed, the eſtate confiſcated, and given as a preſent to the Borgheſes, one of whom was pope at that time. The extraordinary beauty of the delinquent made ſeveral able

able painters of thoſe times draw her portrait, many copies of which are ſtill to be found in Rome, exhibiting the ſofteſt features, and a *Lavater* would have had much ado to undecypher from them the blackneſs of the ſoul.

The villa Albani, before the gate Salara, cannot boaſt of ſuch treaſures of art as that of Borgheſe; but in all other reſpects it is the firſt in Italy. Its ſtructure is a perfect model of the ancient. Its ſituation, the judicious poſition of the ſtatues, buſts, urns, tombs, altars, ruins, grottos, fountains, and numberleſs basreliefs, the Egyptian obeliſk, which ſtands in the middle of the garden, and the Greek buildings of royal magnificence make this villa a real fairy ſeat. Here is a portico in form of a demi-cyclus with a magnificent baluſtrade. The edifice, conſiſting of the rareſt ſorts of marble, preſents every where antiques produced in the golden age of the Grecian arts,

arts, and bears a ſtrict reſemblance to the walks of the ancients. The gardens are, however, in an indifferent condition, and much neglected, as cuſtomary all over Italy. The art of gardening is ſtill in an infant ſtate all over this country; nor are the inhabitants much pleaſed with them, though the heat of their climate invites them to the pleaſures of the gardens. Their non-chalance and natural averſion to exerciſe ſeem to be the cauſes of this national defect. Excepting the water-ſpouts and ſtatues, there is not a ſingle garden from Turin to Naples, which may be looked upon as an eminent production of that art. Villa Albani, endowed with this advantage, would be the moſt perfect *tout enſemble* under the ſun.

Cardinal Albani built this villa about forty years ago, and to embelliſh it was his favorite paſſion. His great property, his uncommon influence in ſtate affairs, his excellent taſte, in a word, all

was

was employed to ſatisfy his favorite wiſh. The great antiquarian Winkelmann, a German, whom he protected, and honoured with his friendſhip, gave him every advice and aſſiſtance; and to the latter this ſplendid villa owes its exiſtence. It is almoſt covered with productions of art, but nothing is crowded or miſplaced: even a certain number of broken antiques were made uſe of to repreſent the ruins of a temple, with a moſt ſtriking ſimilitude. It is ſaid of the Cardinal, who died in a moſt advanced age, that during the latter part of his life, when he had totally loſt his ſight, he could diſtinguiſh antiques from modern ſtone works, merely by touching them.

The beauty of this villa made ſuch an impreſſion upon the late Emperor of Germany, that he not only viſited it during his ſtay in Rome, but he alſo ſlept in it for ſeveral nights. There is a form of politeneſs in this country, that if a per-

a perſon praiſes an object with great warmth in preſence of the proprietor, he will offer it him as a preſent. I have myſelf experienced it many times. This etiquette gave riſe to a ſingular anecdote between Joſeph the ſecond and the cardinal. Perhaps that rule of politeneſs was unknown to the monarch, becauſe he paid the greateſt compliments to Albani upon his villa, which in ſome manner forced the prelate to make him an offer of ſo valuable an object. Joſeph, embarraſſed for a moment, accepted the preſent, but returned it immediately, adding, that it was too precious to enable him to make a proper return. It was this ſame cardinal who would not ſuffer Joſeph to lay down his ſword, according to cuſtom, in the *Conclave*; he addreſſed him with the following words, "It is your majeſty's "ſword that defends the church." Joſeph objected, its being againſt the rules of the place; but Albani replied, a Roman Emperor is ſubject to no laws.

The

The greateſt of all the villas in and about Rome, is villa Pamphili, now belonging to the family of Doria. It lies about one Engliſh mile from the city, and has three Italian miles in circumference. We find here a great number of ſtatues and paintings, but none of them are of note. The ſite of the palace is beautiful, but Doria viſits it very rarely. This prince, who is ſtill in the flower of youth, lives continually in Rome with his young conſort, and the favorite delight of both centers in bigotry; they do almoſt live in churches and hoſpitals, where they perform acts of devotion; an inſtance, perhaps, unparalleled with regard to perſons of their age and high rank.

The palaces of Barberini, Colonna, and Giuſtiniani, take the lead after thoſe mentioned above: the former is the largeſt in Rome after the Vatican, and is ſaid to contain 4000 apartments and cloſets, both great and little. It ſtands upon the ſpot of

of the once celebrated circus of Flora. The number of works of art and articles of value which it contains, though great, is not, however, ſuch as it ought to be. No princely family in Rome has diſpoſed of more paintings and antiques than that of Barberini, which were for the moſt part ſent to England: this family had run too high in expences; although they had plenty of valuable maſter-pieces of art, they had no money, which is ſtill more neceſſary; this induced them to exchange for guineas a conſiderable part of their curioſities. The ſeducing gold of England threatened Rome with farther evacuations of that kind, and cauſed ſome uneaſineſs to its governors; in conſequence of this a mandate was iſſued, expreſsly prohibiting to diſpoſe of antiquities by way of ſale without ſpecial permiſſion. At preſent, if the owner of ſimilar property wiſhes to ſell it, the government buy it, and ſend it to the Clementine Muſeum: in the ſame palace is alſo a numerous

merous and valuable library, which ſtands open for public uſe.

The palace of Colonna is the reſidence of the Conſtable of Naples, and has the fineſt ſaloon in all Italy. This family is not only the moſt ancient in Rome and Naples, but alſo in Europe; for this reaſon royal houſes are not aſhamed to form alliances of conſanguinity with it. The preſent Conſtable is a young man and has been married to a princeſs of Sardinia. His income is 90,000 Roman ſcudi.

The palace of Giuſtiniani, which is built upon the ruins of the baths of Nero and Alexander Severus, contains the greateſt private collection of antiquities in Italy: at one time there was counted above 1900 of them, which were moſtly found among the ruins of the baths above mentioned. Whether this number ſtill remains, I cannot tell, the proprietors however ſay, that it ſtill remains the ſame.

The

The number of paintings amounts to 700. Almoſt every door of the apartments is inlaid with *Verd antique.*

In the palace of Spada we ſee a marble column of Pompey, near which Cæſar was aſſaſſinated; and among the collection of antiquities in the Capitol is a lioneſs, which was ſtruck by lightning about the time when this great event happened.

The Angel bridge is the moſt beautiful in Italy, and doubtleſs the moſt ancient in Europe: it was built by Detrian, architect to the emperor Adrian, and is well known in hiſtory by the name of Pons Ælianus: there is nothing left of its ancient decorations; but it has been embelliſhed with a great number of modern marble pillars and ſtatues of angels and ſaints, ſome of which are very well executed. It is remarkable, that not only near this bridge, but almoſt in every ſtreet,

ſtreet, the fineſt fragments of pillars, even of granite, are put among the other ſtones of the pavement. I obſerved this in the meaneſt ſtreets of Rome, where ſuch fragments of pillars with Corinthian capitals ſeem, as it were, growing out of the ground.

The great number of fountains or water-ſpouts, with the magnificence of ſome of them, may be counted among the greateſt beauties of Rome: to behold them on ſultry ſummer days is, indeed, delightful; ſo great an advantage could never yet make the Romans practiſers of cleanlineſs, and this neceſſary quality is to be found neither in ſtreets, nor in palaces and public edifices. The principal fountains are thoſe of Trevi, Paolo, and that which adorns the place of Navonna; but the ſituation of the two former is very diſadvantageous: that of Trevi has a vaſt circumference, and is very ſtriking; it repreſents the grotto of Neptune, who is

in his greateſt galla ſurrounded by Tritons and Naïads; but it lies in an obſcure corner. That of Paolo lies upon mount Janiculine, which is almoſt uninhabited and deſolate; it ſupplies one part of Rome with water, and has been erected by pope Paul V. It repreſents a triumphal arch, from which the water burſts forth from three great openings, and offers a magnificent ſpectacle.

The great fountain upon the place of Navonna is the moſt extraordinary of all, and the maſter-piece of the celebrated Bernini; it repreſents a hollow rock, from which the water burſts forth; about it four rivers, viz. the Danube, the Ganges, the Nile, and Rio della Plata, are repreſented in Coloſſal figures. Upon the rock we find an Egyptian obeliſk with hieroglyphs, fifty-two feet high without reckoning the baſes; it is decorated with a top of gilt bronze, to which a croſs and a dove are faſtened. This obeliſk was found in the circus of Caracalla.

This

This magnificent fountain ſtrikes with the higheſt admiration. Many plans have been preſented for it, but were all rejected. All the artiſts have been allowed to give in their plans, except Bernini, who was then in diſgrace; a cardinal, who protected him, laid his plan before the pope under a fictitious name: his holineſs was highly pleaſed with it, and received the artiſt again into his favor, with orders to execute the works. Many were the obſtacles thrown in his way, but he overcame them all; the greateſt was to procure the water required; this baffled the hopes of his very friends. The day came, when the pope intended to inſpect the works completed: the whole was ſtill covered, that the holy fathers might ſee it firſt of all; he was well ſatisfied, but expreſſed his doubts about the water, it being as much unknown to himſelf as to the people of Rome, how far the artiſt had carried his ſubterraneous works. He had already taken his ſeat in his car-

riage to return, when the cover dropped with a loud crack, like the report of a cannon, a ſignal was given, and lo! all on a ſudden the cataracts burſt forth in torrents of water before the ſight of the ſurpriſed ſpectators; the pope alighted from his carriage, thanked Bernini and embraced him. The place of Navonna was once a circus built by Alexander Severus: its ſize and form have been exactly retained. It is the greateſt place in Rome after that of St. Peter's, but for the moſt part ſurrounded with mean buildings: it is the Rag-fair of the jews and of the petty dealers in antiquities.

SECT.

SECT. X.

ARTISTS IN ROME.—*Model of Trajan's Column.—Mengs.—Collection of Forms and Copies of ancient works of Arts.—Academy of Arts upon the Capitol.—Battoni.—Cardinal de Bernis.—St. Peter's Veſtry.—Academy of the Arcadians.—Academy of the Quiriniſts.—Coronation of Corilla the Extempore Poeteſs, upon the Capitol.—Improviſatori, or Extempore Poets in Rome.—Tranſtevere, a remarkable quarter of Rome.—Project of giving the Tiber another courſe.—Badneſs of the Air, in and about Rome.—Pontine Marſhes.—Papal Revenues.—Manufactory of Saints.—New inſtituted feaſt in honour of the Heart of Jeſus.—The Pope's Sea and Land Forces.—Jeſuits, their former Conſtitution, Political Oeconomy, and Maxims.—Ricci, General of*

the Jeſuits.—Poiſoning of Ganganelli.—Magnificent Church of St. Ignace.—Tomb of St. Staniſlas Kotzka.

GERMANY has the honour to have even at Rome, at the ſource of the arts, ſeveral moſt capital maſters. The beſt limner after Battoni, the beſt landſcape painter, and the beſt ſtone-cutter in that city, are all Germans. Maron, the brother-in-law of the celebrated Mengs, is reckoned the firſt limner in all Italy after Battoni. Conſcious of his abilities and eminence, he abides by them, without making any attempts in the other branches of the art. Hakert, from Brandenburgh, is the firſt landſcape painter in Rome, but he has a rival in Mr. Moore, an Engliſhman, who may, perhaps, ſoon contend with him for the palm. Through the recommendation of Mr. Reiffenſtein, his countryman, who is now the firſt antiquarian in Rome, Hakert received from the empreſs of Ruſſia the lucky command to paint

paint the victories of her laſt war with the Turks. He acquitted himſelf of the taſk to the ſatisfaction of Catharine, created himſelf a reputation, was uncommonly well rewarded by this moſt liberal protectreſs of ſciences and arts, and lives now in great abundance.

The Romans have ſo much receded from their former reputation in ſtatuary, that a young Swiſs of the name of Trippel, from the canton of Schaffhauſen, is now looked upon by all the connoiſſeurs in Rome, as the greateſt adept in this art. Many years ago, Trippel made himſelf known in Germany, by a work of chalk, which he ſent to the late King of Pruſſia, after the Bavarian ſucceſſion war; he has an incredible enthuſiaſm for his art, without which no artiſt can become great. A rich relation, whoſe favourite and heir he was, deſired him peremptorily to renounce his art, and promiſed upon theſe conditions to make him independent. But

Trippel would rather forfeit the friendſhip of an uncle, with all the gay hopes of a fortune, and purſued the ſtudy of his art. He went to Rome, ſtudied, bore all the horrors of want, and at laſt got into bread, awaiting a favourable opportunity to diſplay his merit in all its luſtre.

The beſt or rather the only ſtone-cutter in Rome is Pickler, alſo a German. It is very remarkable, that ſtone-cutting was the only art in which the Romans could equal the Greeks, as we do find in thoſe of their *Gemmæ* which are ſtill extant. The ancients carried this art to ſuch a degree of perfection, that the beſt productions of the moderns cannot be compared to them.

There is, however, a goldſmith in Rome, whoſe abilities are ſo great, that he acquired great fame by his rare works; he is an Italian, and his name *Luodovigi*. It is he who copied the column of Trajan, which occupied him, as he himſelf told me,

me, for twenty whole years. It ſtands upon a marble baſe three feet high, quite covered with lapis lazuli; and the figures upon it are ſilver-gilt, and faſtened to the ſpiral line. I ſhall paſs over in ſilence its dazzling ſplendor, and the works of mechaniſm, of the hollow part or inſide, and confine myſelf only to what is moſt eſſential. Every figure and object, without exception, has been imitated in ſmall with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, and without omitting the leaſt part of it. The beſt copper plates we have, give but an imperfect notion of this excellent column. By this work, Mr. Luodovigi, who is a real genius in his art, acquired a great reputation, and his ſubſequent noble productions ſerved to render it ſtill brighter, and to put him in very affluent circumſtances. He gives employment to a great number of artiſts in various branches; his inventive powers are inexhauſtible, and he executes the boldeſt plans. In 1776 he made a a ſilver ornament for a French prince,

which repreſented a Roman circus; the circus of Caracalla, whoſe outſide has been perfectly preſerved, was his model; the beſt antiquarians aſſiſted him with their advice, and all thoſe who have ſeen it, found it to be an object worthy their admiration. The Pope has knighted Luodovigi, and ſometimes pays him a viſit; an honor, which neither princes nor cardinals can boaſt of. The knight aſked ſix thouſand zechins for his circus. But he was obliged to keep it four years after he had finiſhed it, till at laſt the preſent elector of Bavaria purchaſed and expoſed it to public admiration in his palace at Munich.

There was, perhaps, never a painter who blended the theory of his art with ſo much practice, than Mengs, who was alſo a German. He ſpent his princely income moſtly to buy forms and copies of ancient works of art. He had ſo great a number of them, as obliged him to rent a ſpacious houſe

houſe in Rome, only on purpoſe to put them up. His family, whom he left in want, founded their every hope upon the ſale of this collection, which, from the fidelity and completeneſs of the copies, is unique in its kind.* Mengs loved his art with the phrenzy of an ardent virtuoſo. He made it a maxim to himſelf, that a painter ſhould die pencil in hand, and whilſt he was very ſick and feeble, he painted in his bed, and had his weak arm ſupported. His patriotiſm was ſo much extinguiſhed, that he would ſpeak German but with the utmoſt repugnance; even before German artiſts who did not underſtand a word of Italian, he feigned to ſpeak no other language than the latter. He would many times utter the bittereſt complaints againſt his nation, which had left him without the leaſt ſupport, and reduced him to the grievous neceſſity of ſeeking his fortune in a foreign clime. His ex-

* The Elector of Saxony bought it. It is now in Dreſden in the building of Bruhl-Gardens.

cellent friend Winkelmann joined him in his lamentations: Winkelmann, who would have died a ſchool-maſter in ſome little German town, had he not taken the reſolution of quitting his native country, ſo ungrateful to her great ſons.—His admirable acute genius and extenſive knowledge made him diſplay his excellency in another country, in a moſt conſpicuous light.

The members of the Roman academy of arts meet upon the Capitol. It was alſo thought proper to give it a tutelar ſaint, though the arts might do very well without one. St. Luke has obtained that honor. From the combination of the terms of *arts*, *academies*, *Rome*, and *Capitol*, people will entertain ſome extraordinary notions, but they are miſtaken. No academy in Rome is leſs eſteemed than this. Many of the moſt capital maſters declined the honor of being made members. A bad eſtabliſh-

ment,

ment, want of order, and the moſt unfair means practiſed in diſtributing the prices, are the cauſes which render it deſpicable. Nothing is more common here than to crown the moſt paltry ſketches with rewards, and to throw aſide real maſter-pieces. Battoni, the rival of Mengs, is now one of the preſidents. He ſtands confeſſed the beſt painter in Italy. The late king of Pruſſia gave him orders, about ten years ſince, for an hiſtorical ſubject, repreſenting Alexander viſiting the family of Darius, which has already been ſo well executed by Le Brun: but the monarch died before ever Battoni had thought of commencing the ſubject; and had fate prolonged Frederick's life, things might, perhaps, have been in the ſame ſtate as they were then. This artiſt finds a better account in painting portraits, for which he gets orders by dozens from Engliſh travellers. To him ſuch a painting is only the work of a few hours. The price of a head is ſixty, a buſt one hun-

hundred, and a whole body two hundred zechins.

Battoni's private character is very ſingular. He is upwards of threeſcore and ten, and has a very large family of grown children; yet he himſelf ſupplies the place of a houſekeeper. He goes to market, and buys every thing to the ſmalleſt trifle. He makes this his daily buſineſs at day-break. He riſes at four in the morning, both ſummer and winter, and goes to hear maſs in two different churches, which he has founded; thence he proceeds to market, wakes his family upon his return, and delivers his proviſions. One of his daughters is now looked upon as the beſt ſinger in Italy; ſhe never appeared on any public ſtage, and ſings only in private concerts. Battoni hates the very name of theory, and will not have a young artiſt to ſtudy books; he himſelf has read nothing, and his hiſtorical ſubjects are full of faults againſt

againſt the coſtumi. His temper is rude; he often behaves with the greateſt impropriety to people of the firſt rank, who overlook this want of reſpect on account of his abilities and plain honeſty. He is ſo beneficent to the poor, that his numerous family will very likely be reduced to a ſtate of neceſſity after his death. The following occurrence took place during my ſtay at Rome: A mechanic, who poſſeſſed a picture by Charles Maratti, ſaw himſelf compelled by want to diſpoſe of it, and offered it to cardinal Bernis; this prelate, who lives in a ſuperior ſtyle of magnificence, and acts publicly the part of a Mecænas, thought fit to conſult œconomy in a private affair. The poor man aſked twelve zechins for his picture, but the cardinal would only give eight: the man haſtens away, goes to Battoni, and with tears in his eyes gives an account of his misfortune, and leaves the picture and the price to his generoſity. The artiſt looks at it, and tells

tells him down twenty zechins. The affair was made public. The protector of France * hoped to ſtop the mouth of fame by getting actual poſſeſſion of the picture, and propoſed, for that end, to buy it again from Battoni; but the latter ſent word to the cardinal, that he was very welcome to the picture, but that his eminence, as a connoiſſeur, muſt be ſenſible that it was a mere chance to buy a work of ſuch a maſter as Charles Maratti for dozen of zechins, he would, therefore, let it go at no leſs than fifty. To this bargain the French Anacreon would not agree. About the ſame time Battoni

* The reader muſt obſerve, that every catholic country has its protector in Rome, who is uſually a cardinal. The late cardinal Alexander Albani was for many years protector of Germany. Though this title of protector is given them by the catholics of thoſe reſpective countries, they, however, from a ſenſe of modeſty, will only ſtile themſelves protectors of the church in Germany, &c. well knowing how little their protection is wanted in our days.

had

had received orders from the queen of Portugal to paint a ſubject for the high altar of a church which had been recently built at Liſbon. It was the worſhip of the heart of Jeſus. He received for it three thouſand zechins, and half the ſum was paid to him before hand.

I could not walk one yard in Rome without lamenting that the greateſt maſters often laviſh their abilities upon the horrid ſubjects of martyrology. Pictures of that deſcription only ſerve to fill the ſoul with black ideas, and to encourage fanaticiſm, the inveterate enemy to public welfare wherever it gains ground.

The new-built veſtry of St. Peter's furniſhes a clear proof how much the arts are upon their decline at Rome. It is conſtructed upon the worſt plan that ever architect of the preſent century applied to a great edifice. This ſtone maſs is a true lampoon upon architecture; and

as

as it almoſt joins to the church, it forms a more ſtriking contraſt, and even conceals a conſiderable part of it from view. The expences of this building amounted already, in 1780, to 400,000 ſcudi; and though every body, and even the pope himſelf, were diſſatisfied with its form, it was, however, completed according to the firſt plan. This edifice is the reſult of a protection ſyſtem, which ſhould never take place with regard to the arts, eſpecially when laſting monuments are to be erected. The chief deſign of building it was to procure the canons of St. Peter's a place where they may alight and gather themſelves into a body, as they, like all other people of faſhion, live at a great diſtance from St. Peter's, and are obliged to attend twice a day on certain ſolemn feaſts.

The well-known academy of the Arcadians conſiſts, for the moſt part, of ſonneteers, who meet to read their nonſenſe

ſenſe to each other. There was, perhaps, never a ſociety that made as uncommon and rapid a progreſs as this. In the beginning the number of members did not exceed fourteen, and in a few years it has increaſed to ſeveral thouſands of all ranks of people. There are even cardinals and popes who enrolled themſelves among the Arcadian ſhepherds, and, in conformity to the rules of the inſtitution, aſſumed Arcadian names. The rage of becoming an Arcadian ſpread ſo much, that no leſs than fifty-eight Italian cities founded ſimilar academies, under the title of Colonies of the Roman Arcadia; but moſt of them have been aboliſhed, except the mother academy, which is ſtill in being. This ſociety, which meets at the palace of Corſini, formerly the reſidence of Chriſtina, queen of Sweden, is really calculated to degrade the academical name. It is the moſt opprobrious lampoon upon academies, and nothing more deſpicable can be imagined. The literati,

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and protectors of literature of ſome note, moſtly deem it diſgraceful to be a member of that ſingular body, and many would be offended if any one ſhould aſk them, whether they belong to the Arcadians? In order to ſtop ſome how this contempt, the Arcadians do all in their power to prevail upon foreigners, eſpecially when of rank, to be received among them, and their names are afterwards made public: with thoſe names they cover their own nudity, and increaſe their funds with the reception fees, which amount to a few zechins. There are ſeveral other academies of that deſcription, which are founded upon the plan of the Arcadians. That of the Quirinifts is one of the moſt notorious; and being of a caſt beneath all criticiſm, it is ſcarce worth mentioning. I happened to be once in an aſſembly of theirs, when a foreign officer was received among them. Although unacquainted with the Italian language, he would not leave his new colleagues without

out a proof of his learning, and read to them a diſcourſe upon the utility of hiſtory in French. Theſe *Fabricants* of ſonnets were utter ſtrangers both to the theme and the language. The compliments uſual at academical receptions were, therefore, explained to them by an interpreter, in which the candidate aſſured them, that from that moment he looked upon himſelf as a great man, becauſe he had been received into a ſociety intirely conſiſting of great men; an encomium ſo very new, that it put the Quiriniſts, who gueſſed it from the frequent deep bows of the orator, quite out of countenance.

It is ſufficient to have written a couple of ſonnets to gain the reputation of a poet. The honor of receiving the poetic laurel upon the Capitol gave once a ſublime notion of thoſe perſons who were thus honored; for this purpoſe that once ſo reverend ſpot of ground had been

ſelected for that ceremony, but at preſent it is profaned every day more and more. When Taſſo obtained upon it the poetic crown, Europe re-echoes with applauſe till now, two hundred years after his death; but when a Corilla receives the ſacred wreath of Apollo, the ceremony becomes a ridiculous farce. This ſo undeſervedly celebrated woman is ſo much inferior, as a poeteſs, to *Karſchin*,* that it would be doing an injuſtice to the latter to draw a parallel between both.† The whole merit of that ſignora conſiſts in making extempore rhymes, which excite the admiration of thoſe wits whom but little

* This ingenious woman is to the Germans what Ann Yearſley, the milk-maid, is to the Engliſh. *Tranſlator.*

† This German poeteſs ſuffers the greateſt want, whilſt Corilla receives preſents and penſions from all quarters, which have been of late augmented by the empreſs of Ruſſia: ſo great a difference makes the country in which a perſon is born!

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can move: but as this art, of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter, is an object of indifference even to the Romans, there would never have been ſo much as a thought of crowning Corilla, had the buſineſs not been done through the powerful protection of one of the principal cardinals, in contradiction to all Rome. This cardinal, who is ſaid to have felt ſomething more than ſimple friendſhip for Corilla, could not be prevailed upon to abandon his deſign. The pope gave his conſent; Corilla underwent the coronation, was hiſſed and affronted by the mob of the people, celebrated by the mob of poets, and loaded with the preſents of princes. She quitted Rome on a ſudden, and lives now in Florence.

The extempore poets *(improviſatori)* uſually chooſe the place of Termini to diſplay their abilities. This is to be ſaid of the itinerant ſort; for there are others who make extempore rhymes without any

any reward; to this claſs belongs the above mentioned Corilla. They uſually ſing their productions, accompanied by the tune of the fiddle; and without that inſtrument many of theſe geniuſes would feel their poetic vein as cold as ice. The itinerants muſt be able to compoſe with or without inſtrument; and ſpeak or ſing upon any theme propoſed to them. We would be miſtaken to look upon this manœuvre as ſomething extraordinary. The richneſs of the Italian poetical language, the manifold poetic licences, the readineſs, even among the common people, of reciting by heart the maſter-pieces of Arioſto, Taſſo, Metaſtaſio, Marino, &c. beſides the muſical ear ſo peculiar to the Italians; all this taken together, leſſens infinitely the apparent difficulties. Thoſe who live upon this art are uſually ignorant, and if a theme is given them, which requires a certain degree of knowledge acquired by reading, they find themſelves highly embarraſſed; nevertheleſs they will ſpin

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it out in ſome manner or other, embroider it with nonſenſe and rhymes borrowed from the above-mentioned great poets, be they ever ſo unadapted to the ſubject, and thus delude the admiration of the unſkilled multitude. The hiſtory of ancient Rome is uſually their hobby-horſe, and with it theſe *improviſatori* are commonly acquainted. All the events of ancient Italy, ſuch as Hannibal's march into Italy, the aſſaſſination of Cæſar, &c. are rhymed upon. If the ſubject be left to their choice, and be the declamation be good, it will really ſurpriſe and enrapture him who beholds this ſpectacle for the firſt time.

I ſaw a ſcene of this kind by a Venetian, which was calculated to make the moſt extraordinary impreſſion. Let the reader repreſent to himſelf a ſquare in Rome, ſurrounded with ſuch ruins as revive the livelieſt remembrance of the great nation whoſe empire was formerly

here; let him alſo take for theme Regulus bidding farewell to his family and to Rome; let him declaim this with fire and a certain eloquence, in a place where that great event happened two thouſand years ago. The Venetian, who was one of the moſt able men in his profeſſion, turned theſe circumſtances to his beſt advantage. He caſt a ſad, firm, and ſteady look upon the ſurrounding ruins, then took leave of his relations and friends, of the people of Rome, of the temples and altars of the gods of his country, and, laſtly, of the Capitol, when he fixed his eyes upon mount Capitoline. The whole ſcene, which was well performed, as our man knew Metaſtaſio by heart, was a delicious treat for heart and mind. As this Venetian ſeemed to be an enthuſiaſt of ancient Rome, I gave him once the theme, whether ancient or modern Rome poſſeſſed the greater advantages? His deciſion was in favour of the modern city, becauſe it was inhabited

by chriſtians and the pope, whilſt the ancient Romans, notwithſtanding all their magnificence, greatneſs, and noble atchievements, had only been heathens. I have ſeen the *debut* of *improviſatori* in many parts of Italy, but generally found them ignorant and of narrow intellects. How brilliant is the exertion of genius among the extempore orators of the debating ſocieties in England! There we find thinking heads, formed by reading, and endowed with oratorical parts.

The diſtrict of Rome, which lies on the oppoſite ſide of the Tiber, and which the ancients called *Tranſtiberina*, now *Tranſtevere*, is inhabited by a ſet of people, who, by their rude manners and a character quite of their own, diſtinguiſh themſelves from all the inhabitants of Rome. They pretend to have preſerved the blood of the ancient Romans unmixt in their families, whence it happens very rarely that they intermarry with

the other Romans. The inhabitants of this quarter are in the loweſt ſtate of poverty, yet their beggar girls will diſdain an alliance with the moſt wealthy citizen: they are, however, ſeldom tempted in that manner, as rude, unpoliſhed manners, joined to bodily deformity, are the common attributes of the inhabitants of this part. Their characters are alſo remarkable for a certain intrepidity common to both ſexes, which makes them have recourſe to knives upon the ſmalleſt accident. The ſbirrs, or Roman town-guard, venture themſelves hither with great reluctance, and if duty compels them, they make uſe of every poſſible precaution. In this part of Rome have been the quarters of the legions of Auguſtus, and it was alſo in thoſe times inhabited by poor people. According to Lipſius, it was the abode of porters or letter carriers; likewiſe we find, in a paſſage of Philo, that it has been the reſidence of a great number of jews.

This wretched claſs of people, whoſe number amounts here to ten thouſand, live all in real ſlavery. Notwithſtanding the naſtineſs of thoſe ſuburbs of German cities, which are allotted to the jews, that of Rome ſurpaſſes it by far in uncleanlineſs. It is ſituate upon the Tiber, and reſembles a Cloaca, in which creatures of the human ſpecies are ſeen to crawl about; its gates are ſhut every night, and from that time till morning nobody can get out of this dungeon. The jews of Rome and many other cities of Italy, wear a rag or piece of cloth upon their hat, that they may be known; but upon paying a certain ſum they are exempted from wearing that opprobrious mark of diſtinction, which indulgence the richer ſort among them do not neglect to obtain. As the trade of the chriſtians is not extenſive in Rome, the ſtate of that carried on by the jews, who labour under ſo many difficulties, is eaſily to be imagined; for this, very few of them have a proper competency, and

not one may be called rich. Some of the Roman princes employ them to lay out their money in uſury. Prince de Borgheſe has moſtly recourſe to this expedient to increaſe his treaſures. His agent, a jew, has great concerns with regard to exchange in the moſt capital cities of Europe; he gives his name for that purpoſe, and the prince finds the money.

I do not know what gave riſe to the report, that thoſe poor wretches had offered enormous ſums to the Apoſtolic Chamber, to be permitted to give the Tiber another courſe. To my knowledge, a propoſal of this kind has never been made; though the matter itſelf has really been upon the carpet. There would be no want for people to undertake the buſineſs, digging being at this time ſo much in vogue; and it is highly probable, that uncommon treaſures of art would be found. Since the reign of Sixtus V. the popes have made it

it a political principle to promote every way the diſcovery of antiquities. They had the project of the Tiber long ago at heart, and would perhaps have paid the expences themſelves, as their profit muſt have been great beyond doubt; but who can anſwer for the bad conſequences of pernicious exhalations in a place which, even now, is reputed inſalubrious? This apprehenſion may be without foundation; and on this ſide of the Alps, where we need not to fear a peſtilence at Rome, it has often been ridiculed, but the greateſt lover of arts and antiquities cannot blame the court of Rome, which moſtly conſiſts of aged perſons, if they do not venture the hazard of ſuch an attempt.

Several diſtricts about Rome evince clearly the malignity of the air; the inhabitants are obliged to leave them in certain ſeaſons, as I have already obſerved when ſpeaking of St. Paul's, which lies, however, cloſe to the city. The great

number of marſhes, ſtagnant lakes, and the extreme neglect of agriculture, are the real cauſes of this evil, unknown to the ancient Romans. In the dog days, when its influence is moſt dangerous, and when the *Siroco* wind ſprings up from the ſouth, people are conſtrained to keep a quite different diet, and chiefly take as many cooling fluids as they can. At that time the ſoil labours under an aſtoniſhing drought, and receives no other humectation than the dew.

The Pontine marſhes contribute much to this unhealthineſs of climate; their extent is about thirteen ſquare leagues. The undertaking of the preſent pope of draining them is, therefore, very commendable, though the means employed to remedy ſo great a ſcourge, are too inſignificant. The ſmall number of workmen who are ſet to work, receive a very ſmall pay, for which they muſt wade day and night through theſe marſhes: when at work

work the water comes uſually up to their knees. Their habitations are deſolate, wretched huts, where they reſt from their miſerable toil, almoſt as naked as ſavages and pale like ſpectres: it may eaſily be imagined, that thus circumſtanced, they will not overſtrain themſelves, and only take up their tools when they perceive the overſeers or inſpectors. If the pope intends to make a journey to the marſhes, the number of the workmen is increaſed. The whole plan, therefore, is nothing but a puppet-ſhew, given by the chief officers of the pope's cabinet, of which ſo many inſtances may be ſeen here without drudging in theſe marſhes. It is very probable, that the works will be entirely given up at the death of the preſent pope, and all the ſums which have been expended upon them will of courſe be loſt and thrown away.

This topic puts me in mind of the pope's revenues, of which ſome entertain-

ſo high a notion; they do not quite amount to four millions of ſcudi, or one million ſterling. Formerly the making of ſaints was like a mine of gold to the court of Rome, as the price of ſuch a ſaint is uſually 100,000 ſcudi; but the manufacture is now rather at a ſtand, and there is but Portugal and Spain that juſt keep it from ſinking. The laſt ſaint was made in 1786. He was a Spaniſh friar, of the name of Nicholas Factor, who, by three different miracles, had qualified himſelf for the adoration of mortals. The devil's advocate, as uſual, loſt his ſuit, and Pius VI. performed the holy job on mount Capitoline, and on the ſame ſpot where the moſt ſacred temple of the ancients had once been ſtanding. A few years before, the holy father had ſhewn the ſame readineſs in canonizing a St. Labre (alſo of recent making) to which the Elector of Saxony has contributed 1092 ſcudi.

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As the great number of holidays keeps up devotion, and fetches conſiderable ſpiritual alms, new ones are made from time to time. Of late, one has been proclaimed under the title of, the feaſt of the heart of Jeſus; about which there is now a great conteſt among the faithful, who want to know if the real heart of fleſh, or only the emblem of the love of Chriſt towards mankind, is to be the object of their worſhip.

Notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of the pope's revenues, they are quite ſufficient for the exigencies of the ſtate. The court of the governor of Chriſt is neither magnificent nor numerous. Prieſts fill its higheſt offices, their ſalary is moderate, but their livings conſiderable. The court of Rome never gives any feaſts, except at the preſence of illuſtrious viſitors, and theſe are as little expenſive as the preſents, which conſiſt for the moſt part of relics. The war department, as well by

water as by land, is upon a very mean footing, and keeps pace with the weakneſs of this ill-governed country. All the regular land troops of the pope amount to no more than 2500 men, who are well paid, have a great number of officers, and require annually the ſum of 200,000 ſcudi to maintain them. The fixed pay of their principal general is 12,000 in peace, and 36,000 in war. The pope's *marine* conſiſts of five gallies, which, though kept in a very bad condition, at Civita Vechia, coſts, however, 84,000 ſcudi per annum.

Although the jeſuits have engroſſed the attention of the world, and many an able pen exerted itſelf upon ſo intereſting a ſubject, yet their intrigues of ſtate and inward political and œconomical conſtitution are but little known. In Rome they carried all their actions to an extreme. Their college, one of the moſt ſpacious buildings on earth, was ſo full of men as might have peopled a city: they maintained

tained daily whole cohorts of poor, who fetched their meat at the gates of the palace. Their political alms were of a ſtill more extenſive nature: poor families, who were better than the loweſt claſs of people, received their daily ſuſtenance in baſkets, which were carried to their places of abode, and certain diſhes were prepared for them on purpoſe: theſe paupers were divided into two claſſes; one received three meſſes, the other four, beſides a deſert. At the period when the order was ſuppreſſed, the former amounted to four hundred, and the latter to eighty baſkets. The donors had a particular regard for all indigent phyſicians, lawyers, and ſuch perſons in general who were ſuppoſed to have an extenſive acquaintance; through this the jeſuits acquired ſo great an eſteem, that a general inſurrection was apprehended when they were expelled. Then all the troops were under arms, and the ſbirrs diſperſed in detachments over the different quarters

ters of Rome. Theſe well concerted meaſures prevented miſchief, and kept the numerous partizans of the jeſuits at proper diſtance.

This order was much grieved to behold itſelf ſuppreſſed by a pope, who was indebted to its members for his former dignity of a cardinal. More than a century had elapſed that no Italian could obtain the purple without their approbation. Though it was a maxim among them to ſuffer none of their own order to be admitted to that dignity, yet no promotion of that ſort could take place without their concurrence: thoſe whom they recommended as candidates to that dignity were always ſure of obtaining it; whereas with others, it would ſuffice if the ſociety was not againſt them. Ganganelli, the late pope, was a poor friar, when the recommendation of the jeſuits made him a cardinal. But he had no ſooner obtained that dignity, than they began to neglect him, in a man-

a manner quite inconſiſtent with their former political maxims. Ganganelli was without all property, without friends, and obliged to maintain himſelf and his high rank with the ſum of 2000 ſcudi, the uſual penſion allowed to poor cardinals. Several cardinals received penſions from the jeſuits, amounting to 6000, 8000, and ſome to 12,000 ſcudi. In their opinion, they thought it impoſſible that the obſcure, forſaken Ganganelli ſhould become pope: they were, however, wrong in their ſpeculations, and their order met with an end, which all friends to learning and liberty had ſo long and ardently wiſhed.

The conduct of Father Ricci, general of the jeſuits, when a priſoner in the fortreſs of Monte Angelo, and the proteſtations of his innocence on his death-bed, have cauſed a great deal of ſurpriſe, and the partizans of the order adduced that circumſtance as a great argument in his favor;

favor; it even created doubts among the impartial. However, what follows here will reſolve the problem: It was not the general, but his aſſiſtants, of whom there were four, who governed the order with deſpotic power in all quarters of the globe. Theſe fathers had been choſen from the four principal catholic nations of Europe, and they alone moved that amazing political machine: they were the beſt heads of the order, which moſtly conſiſted of men of abilities. No other qualifications were wanted in the general, than ſuch as would ſuit beſt the circumſtances of the times. They thought to have found in Ricci, a man, who, at the juncture of affairs in thoſe times, could act the beſt part. His intellects were rather narrow, but he was deſcended from a noble family of Florence, had great connections, and was a perſon of unexceptionable piety and zeal in the ſervice of God; yet nothing could ward off the adverſe fate of the order, which

which had already outlaſted the wiſhes of an enlightened age. Neither intrigues nor cabals would avail any longer, becauſe it was too ripe for deſtruction.

Ganganelli had made himſelf too many enemies by the ſuppreſſion of this order, as could have flattered him with the hopes of a long reign. To this came ſeveral innovations, which brought upon him the utmoſt diſpleaſure of the devotees. His having abſolved, during the ſhort time of his pontificate, eight thouſand monks from their vows, was thought an action unpardonable, and foreboded his premature death. Though great pains have been taken to render dubious the report of his having been diſpatched by poiſon, it is, however, an undeniable truth. The ſymptoms of the poiſon, which broke out after his death, were ſo manifeſt and violent, that the limbs detached themſelves from the corpſe when they were carrying it to the grave. I have

have already obſerved, that funerals are brought to the churches without being covered. When the proceſſion paſſed over the Angel-bridge, a leg which had dropped off from the body hung out of the coffin, and would ſurely have fallen to the ground, but that ſomebody puſhed it in. This is no obſcure fact, but an occurrence that happened before the eyes of all the people, and the body had been previouſly opened, which rendered the matter certain beyond every doubt. Signor B. ſurgeon to the pope, aſſiſted at the operation, and confirmed, before me, the truth of this melancholy diſcovery, if ſo notorious a deed wants any confirmation. However, Signor *Salicetti*, phyſician to his late holineſs, has made ſo bold as to publiſh a fictitious ſtory of the diſeaſe, with which he pretends this excellent pope to have been afflicted, in a pamphlet, in which he declares the whole as natural, and has invented, with the moſt daring effrontery, both cauſes and effects.

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The names of the aſſaſſins are publicly known in Rome, and one of them is among the firſt officers of the ſtate. At preſent he acts the part of a devotee.

It is highly probable, that, in committing this horrid act recourſe has been had to the famous poiſon called *Aqua Tofana*, about which I ſhall be more explicit when treating of Naples, it being the place where it is prepared.—A young, beautiful, and illuſtrious Roman lady, who had many adorers, tried the ſame experiment in 1778, to get rid of an old huſband. The doſe being rather too ſtrong, the ſequeſtration of the limbs took place in a moſt violent manner, almoſt as ſoon as the unfortunate victim had breathed his laſt. All poſſible means were made uſe of to preſerve the corpſe in a human form, that it might at leaſt hold out the funeral ceremony. The face was covered with a waxen maſk, and in this condition the body was expoſed to public ſight.

This

This detaching, or ſequeſtration of the the limbs, has been found, upon experience, to be the uſual effect of that poiſon, as ſoon as the body becomes cold; people will have it in their bodies for whole months without being obliged to keep the bed: they only feel a great indiſpoſition, which augments by degrees till the body drops down. Ganganelli, who was ſure of having received this poiſon, aſked ſecretly a phyſician of Bologna for his advice, upon the manner of hemming its fatal operations. The anſwer was deſperate; it recommended, however, the uſe of ſudorifics, which the pope did not neglect to take to ſuch a degree, that in the greateſt heat he was continually found wrapt up in furs, which prolonged his life for a few months.

The church which once belonged to the jeſuits at Rome, ſo diſtinguiſhed for its magnificence and beauty, is one of the firſt in Italy: its doors are of a rare and valuable

valuable kind of wood, brought on purpoſe from America. Here is the chapel of St. Ignace de Loyola, the founder of the ſociety. As it is the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of the jeſuits, the altar ſtands confeſſed the moſt magnificent on earth: its principal parts are four pillars, 24 feet high, of gilt bronze, all of one piece, and covered with lapis lazuli. It is ſaid, that during forty years, collections have been made in all parts of the globe, to bring together ſuch a quantity of that precious ſtone. The altar ſteps are of porphyr; and in a niche ſtands a ſtatue of the above ſaint of caſt ſilver, and eleven feet high.

In the church of St. Ignace, a diſtinct edifice from the above, we ſee upon the high altar a picture painted by Andrew Pozzi, a jeſuit: it repreſents Chriſt appearing unto St. Ignace. When the late Emperor came to ſee this church, and a jeſuit ſhewed him this picture, (at that time the order exiſted ſtill) he ſtared boldly

ly in the face of his guide, and ſaid, "Why, my good father, do you really "believe that Chriſt ever appeared to St. "Ignace?" The companion of Jeſus was aſhamed, and the ſatisfied monarch would not add to his farther confuſion. St. Andrew's was formerly the church where the novices of the jeſuits were received. They ſhew in it the monument of St. Staniſlas Kotſka, a Pole, which is very remarkable. The ſame room in which he died has been converted into a chapel, where his ſtatue lays upon a bed. This ſtatue was made by Le Gros, who had the peculiar idea to imitate the dreſs of the jeſuits in colours. The head and hands are of white, and all the reſt of black marble. All artiſts of taſte have declared themſelves againſt this method, which has not yet been imitated. This Kotſka died at the age of twenty-two, and was canonized. I could not learn, what act had entitled him to the rank of ſaint at ſo early a period of life.

SECT.

SECT. XI.

DEVOTION.—*Solemnities of the Church.—Corpus Chriſti-day.—Great Papal Benediction.—Holy Week.—Ill treatment of a Royal Ambaſſador.—Swiſs Guards.—Solemnities in the different Pariſhes.—St. Peter's Feaſt.—Illumination of St. Peter's Cupola.—Manner of living of his Holineſs.—Fraſcati.—Circus of Caracalla.—Catacombs.—Military Cauſeway of Appius.—Ruins of the Temple of Deus Rediculus.—Vineyards.—Rural Diverſions.—Effects of ſcented waters upon the Roman Ladies.—Horary Calculations of the Italians.—Theatres.—Venetian Ball unprecedented in the Annals of modern etiquette.—Muſical Talents of the Romans.—Trap-gallows.—Carnival, and its Funerals.*

IN no part of Italy people are ſo little devout as in Rome. The conſtant preſence

preſence of a living ſaint, to whom ſo much celeſtial power is delegated, and which he never leaves unimproved; the great abundance of indulgences granted in every church; the lenity of the government, with regard to ſpiritual neglect and petty offences; all this leſſens devotion. The prodigious number of churches contributes alſo a great deal to that want. It has always been obſerved, that the more a thing is multiplied, the more it loſes of its value, and excites indifference. This may well be applied to the three hundred and ſeventy-two churches and chapels in Rome. Thoſe who do not confeſs within a twelvemonth are excommunicated, and their names are ſtuck up at the door of the church of St. Mary, in Coſmedino. In 1778 there were thirteen of them, and in the following year eleven. The Inquiſition of Rome is exceedingly mild, and has nothing dreadful but the name. It does ſeldom more than the Spiritual Courts of Proteſtant countries. And although

although its power be more extenſive, yet it is ſeldom exerciſed.

The great number of churches which are divided in eighty-two pariſhes, are a great nuiſance to girls of pleaſure, becauſe theſe unfortunate creatures are neither protected here by government, as ſome travellers pretend, nor is their commerce ſtrictly prohibited, which would neither be well in ſo great a city, and ſo hot a climate. The law only commands them to live at a diſtance of two hundred yards from every church or chapel, but there is no ſuch ſpot in all the inhabited parts of Rome, for this reaſon, they muſt wander from one pariſh to another till the pope's vicar, who is a cardinal, commands them to leave the city, when they uſually go to Naples.

The ceremonies and ſolemnities of the church are alſo too numerous to engage the attention of the people. Some of them,

however, are highly magnificent, and worth to be ſeen. To theſe belong the proceſſion on Corpus Chriſti day, which goes at ſome diſtance all round St. Peter's place. All the way, which exceeds an Italian mile, is covered, and the cover ſupported by pillars decorated with leaves. It is the invention of the celebrated Bernini, who built the colonnade of St. Peter's. The proceſſion is rendered ſplendid by every thing that Roman magnificence can afford. The pope is carried with his altar, before which he ſits, with the hoſt, in an apparent kneeling poſture. Though in other catholic countries the nobility accompany this proceſſion, they do not in Rome, except ſuch of their members who are bound to be preſent *ex officio*. The pope's treaſurer advances for this ceremony 750 ſcudi. The pope at other times is uſually carried about upon ſhoulders, even in church, except in a few of his ſacerdotal functions. This cuſtom ſprings from the ancient Roman emperors.

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No religious ſolemnity can equal that of the pope's benediction, which is given on certain days from the gallery of St. Peter's, a ceremony, which can no where elſe affect the ſenſes to ſuch a degree, as it requires ſuch a place as that before the church of St. Peter's. Its vaſt circumference and magnificence, the numberleſs crowds of people which cram it upon ſimilar occaſions; the ſolemn ſilence before the benediction, which is only interrupted by the thunder of the cannons and the ringing of all the bells; the action itſelf, ſo ſacred to every individual of that religion; all, in ſhort, is truly enrapturing. I cannot ſay the ſame of the pope's maſs, though it be accompanied, on certain days, by the ſong of a legion of caſtratoes. On St. Peter's day, in 1780, I counted no leſs than eighty-two of them, who formed a very ſingular chorus. No other than vocal muſic is performed at St. Peter's, as it is thought that the inſtruments are incompatible with the dig-

nity of the place, and remind too much of worldly recreations. Yet they are the more uſed in other churches, which exhibit always a variety of holy ſhows, where the pious ear may continually be entertained with excellent concerts. When the pope ſays maſs, four treble golden crowns, beſet with precious ſtones, are laying on the high-altar; and the ſame are carried before him on ſolemn occaſions. He wears them but ſeldom, and if it happens, only for a ſhort time; his principal inſignia conſiſt of the epiſcopal mitres, which he uſually wears in church; but even theſe are continually changed, according to etiquette.

The ceremonies of the paſſion week, which bring always a great number of foreigners to Rome, have nothing remarkable, except the great benediction upon St. Peter's place, and the ſinging of the pſalm *Miſerere* in the chapel of Sixtus. In all Roman churches the tomb of Chriſt

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is repreſented on Good-Friday, but St. Peter's does not follow the general rule, and to it is ſubſtituted an enormous croſs, which is ſuſpended in the middle of the cathedral, and lamps are fixed all round it: this illumination coſts 150 ſcudi, and has alſo been invented by Bernini. On the ſame day the hundred lamps which burn the whole year round about St. Peter's tomb, are all extinguiſhed. At night the church is full of painters, who ſit upon their ſtools, and copy the architectural views which are then infinitely variegated by light and ſhade, as only one part of this ſtupendous edifice is then illuminated. The pope's waſhing the feet of twelve poor prieſts the night before Good-Friday, and the maſs on Eaſter-day, are ceremonies ſo tedious as to make people yawn, and muſt be bought by a great deal of incommodiouſneſs. When I was in Rome at that time, the accident which happened to Count de **, who was then ambaſſador from the court of

Copenhagen to that of Naples, muſt have been very vexatious to that nobleman, who was juſt arrived in Rome, with an intention to ſee the ceremonies. He had forgot to apply to perſons of rank for proper accommodation, and unknown as he was, he would break through the circle formed in the Vatican by the Swiſs guards while the ceremony was performing. Theſe fellows, who are only remarkable for their boiſterous rudeneſs, repulſed the noble count with the moſt abuſive language; hereupon his Excellency laid his hand upon his ſword, but one of thoſe brutes prevented and ill-treated him in a ſhocking manner, notwithſtanding he had made himſelf known, and appealed to the right of nations. This precipitation of the count was ſoon after followed by another imprudent proceeding: the tribunal where he would have obtained ſatisfaction, was that of the miniſter of ſtate, but he applied to an officer of the pope's houſehold, whoſe title

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is *major-domo*, (high-ſteward) and under whoſe command the guards do ſtand; it was to him he made his complaint, which was rejected in the moſt bitter terms. A deputy from Lapland could not have been uſed worſe in Rome than an ambaſſador from ſo ancient a kingdom: nevertheleſs, the count ſet out for Naples, without having received the leaſt ſatisfaction. But what will appear moſt ſtrange to every body, is, that after ſuch an accident, nothing could abate his Excellency's curioſity of ſtill intruding himſelf upon ſimilar holy ſhows; it outweighed in him every conſideration to his high rank and ſtation. The above-mentioned high-ſteward of the holy palace is always a Dominician friar, who, after the governor of Rome, has the firſt chance of being made cardinal. He is, properly ſpeaking, the regent of the pope's houſehold, and the judge of printers, bookſellers, engravers of copper-plates, &c.

The notorious rudeneſs and ſtupidity of the Swiſs guards beggars every deſcription, and cauſes many ſingular adventures. It ought to be obſerved, that theſe men do not belong to that part of enlightened Switzerland connected with Germany by language, manners, and literature, but to thoſe catholic Cantons which are ſtill in the thickeſt darkneſs, and where a witch was publicly executed in the year of Chriſt 1783. A few years ago, an Iriſh gentleman of family was wounded by the ſame brutes in a moſt ſhocking manner. This public outrage made him quite frantic, and he reſolved, as his aggreſſor was unknown to him, to ſhoot the firſt Swiſs ſoldier he ſhould meet with. He accordingly loaded his piſtols, got poſt-horſes in readineſs, walked through the ſtreets, and fired upon the firſt of thoſe creatures who came in his way, ſhot him dead, and took flight to Naples. It is very remarkable, that this ſet of men, regardleſs of their ſavage proceedings,

ceedings, are yet impudent enough to go, after a great ceremony is ended, to the reſidence of all foreigners of diſtinction, to beg their *mancia*, probably for having given them no blows. What follows is a ſpecimen of their incredible ſtupidity:—The preſent pope reſolved one day to viſit the library in the Vatican; cardinal Albani, as librarian, went thither to receive him, and to prevent the great concourſe of people who, by their number, obſtruct the paſſage, he gave orders to the Swiſs ſentry placed before the door, to ſuffer no body to come in. A moment after, the pope arrives, the ſentry refuſes him entrance, and excuſes himſelf with the orders he had received. It was in vain to tell the fool that the pope was exempted from thoſe orders, as he alone was maſter of the place; nothing could avail, and the man put himſelf into a defenſive poſture to oppoſe the entrance by ſuperior force of arms. The cardinal, as ſoon as he heard of the affair, came out and put an

end to the conteſt. Occurrences of this kind, among this ſingular ſet of fellows, are not uncommon. During my ſtay at Rome, orders were given, upon a great ceremony at the Vatican, that the cardinals, to avoid the throng, ſhould enter a particular door, rather diſtant from that which was allotted to the people. But a certain cardinal, who thought the latter rather out of his way, wiſhed to enter by the former; the guards, however, oppoſed themſelves, ſaying, that not this but the other door was for cardinals. Every repreſentation was fruitleſs, the cardinal was ſent about his buſineſs, while they ſuffered every body, his own ſervants not excepted, to enter. Pope Ganganelli, who had himſelf been ill-treated once by them, and was convinced of their being a uſeleſs body, was about to ſend them home, but death hindered him from accompliſhing that well-meant deſign.

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As the theatres in Rome are ſhut all the year round, except during the carnival, the church entertainments are the more numerous. They are chiefly performed in autumn, in the principal ſtreet of each pariſh. All the houſes are then illuminated, and carpets hung from every window. An altar is erected, beſides an orcheſtra for a numerous band of muſicians; the muſic laſts for ſeveral hours, and the playing off fire-works concludes the whole. The great number of brotherhoods have alſo their feaſts, which, in ſpite of their frightful diſguiſe, are not ſo much inſtituted for the ſake of devotion, as for that of entertainment. The brotherhood of the dead chiefly diſtinguiſhes itſelf, by repreſenting a peculiar ſpectacle in their ſubterraneous chapel. The ſole ornaments of this cavern conſiſts of the ſkulls and bones of deceaſed people, ſet together in all forms and ſhapes. There are alſo a great number of niches occupied by dried corpſes, whoſe dreadful ghaſtly aſpect re-

volts humanity. The whole is illuminated with candles and lamps.

The greateſt church-feaſt in Rome is that of St. Peter's. Beſides the ceremonies performed in that cathedral, its cupola is illuminated at night, and a fire-work played off from the bulwark of Monte Angelo. The latter coſts every time 500 ſcudi, and has a charming effect, on account of the excellent ſituation of the ſpot; it may be ſeen from all the hills of Rome, and from the tops of moſt houſes. When the emperor Adrian erected his magnificent mauſoleum, he could ſurely not think of its being made, ſeventeen centuries after, a theatre of chymical arts. The illumination of St. Peter's cupola belongs to thoſe objects which baffle all deſcription. It is divided into two parts; at the duſk of the evening the ſmall lamps are lighted, which are nothing but lights, wrapt up in a paper-caſe, covered round about: this apparent

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trifle exhibits a moſt magnificent ſpectacle from the great number of the lamps. The elegant manner in which they are diſpoſed, increaſes farther the beauties of the ſight, and ſurpaſſes by far the ſecond illumination, which takes place two hours after. It conſiſts of four hundred pans filled with pitch, which almoſt cover the whole ſurface of the cupola, and the violence of whoſe flames renders the lights of the lamps ſo obſcure, that they are no longer perceptible. The ſignal for ſetting fire to thoſe is given with a torch, which a man takes in hand, climbs to the ſummit, and ſets fire to the combuſtible matters. This performance is amazingly dangerous, for if he fall, as it will happen ſometimes, he muſt certainly loſe his life. He confeſſes always before he begins the taſk, and if he do it well, he receives five ſcudi. A few ſeconds after the dangerous ſignal is given, the cupola is all in a blaze, and the whole is performed with ſo aſtoniſhing an agility, as to give it the appearance of

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an inchantment. It is effected by fifty men, who diſplay equal dexterity and expedition in the buſineſs, all preparatives having previouſly been made in a moſt ingenious manner. This illumination, as well as the fire-work from Monte Angelo, is repeated for two days conſecutively, becauſe the day before the feaſt, according to the rites of the church of Rome, conſtitutes already a part of the feaſt itſelf. At the preſence of illuſtrious viſitors the illumination is rendered ſtill more brilliant. The prince of Colonna gives alſo a fire-work to the people of Rome on the above-mentioned day. It is alſo remarkable, that this illumination of a cupola has not been imitated yet in other places. The cauſes of this are not ſo much the expences, as the want of ſuch a place as that of St. Peter's. This is the caſe with St. Paul's at London, whoſe cupola would anſwer the purpoſe full as well as that of St. Peter's at Rome, but the ſpectacle would loſe its beauties from the

the vicious ſituation of that magnificent edifice.

The pope does not enjoy this ſight as a ſpectator, it being thought beneath his dignity. The manner of living of this head of the church is under great reſtrictions, and not at all worthy to be envied. His ſocial intercourſe is hemmed by a thouſand various cauſes, and he is almoſt deprived of every thing that can charm life. He feels the more violently the ſtruggle of its paſſion, and cuſtom ſoon abſorbs whatever may be deemed flattering, in the proſtrate humiliation of the catholics who are admitted to his preſence. Since Benedict XIV. the popes walk ſometimes on foot through the different parts of the city, for the ſake of a diſſipation ſo neceſſary for their health. But the pride of the Romans is ſo great, that they are highly diſpleaſed with theſe excurſions. As, in their opinion, they leſſen the dignity of a pope, they abhor the idea of ſeeing walk-

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ing on foot, like them, a perſon who can procure them terreſtrial joys here below, and everlaſting happineſs beyond the grave. To weaken every idea of equality, was once the higheſt policy of former popes, who introduced the ſingular ceremony, to have themſelves carried about on the ſhoulders of men, not only on great ſolemnities, but even during the ſervice, from one altar to another.

I have already mentioned how little fond the Romans are of walking; even the fineſt ſeaſons cannot charm them. However, it is the faſhion, not only among the rich, but alſo among the lower claſs of people, to make a party of pleaſure in ſpring and autumn, at a diſtance of four or five Engliſh miles from Rome; a diverſion, which women make often a ſeparate article in their contracts of marriage. They uſually reſort to Fraſcati, where there is a great number of pleaſure gardens belonging to people of quality, who

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ſcarcely viſit them. The fine palaces that belong to them are embelliſhed by pictures of great maſters, *in freſco*, but they are all without furniture, and hardly fit to be inhabited. The villa Mondragone of that place, belonging to the prince de Borgheſe, contains only ſome ſuperannuated furniture of the ſixteenth century, which fills, more or leſs, the greateſt palaces in Rome. The proprietors are only proud of their productions of art, and avoid ſo carefully beſtowing much expence upon furniture, that all their moveables are frequently quite worn out, and repreſent the image of poverty.

The proſpect from the heights of Fraſcati is alſo very pleaſing. A vaſt field, from whoſe center the proud queen of the world rears her royal head in gloomy majeſty, from the top of ſeven mounts: a ſpot, perhaps the moſt remarkable on the planet of the ſublunar world, every inch of which has been imbrued with Roman

man blood, and became the theatre of ſo many great actions.

The market towns of Tivoli, Albano, and ſeveral others in this diſtrict, where there are villas, or noble country ſeats, are not ſo much reſorted to as thoſe of Fraſcati, on account of their being ſituate at a greater diſtance from Rome. Many perſons of diſtinction have built their villas upon the uninhabited parts of the city. Notwithſtanding their number is very ſmall, paſt the gate of St. Sebaſtian, formerly Capena, a moſt beautiful diſtrict upon the Via Appia, where the ruins of ſo many monuments, the catacombs, and the circus of Caracalla, gratify the eyes of the learned and curious.

The circus of Caracalla is the only one of all the buildings of this kind, of which any ruins have been left: its outſide is ſtill wholly preſerved, but ſtripped of all ornaments. Such as it ſtill remains, it gives

gives an eaſy idea of that ſort of Roman edifices. The inſide is totally laid waſte, yet the ſpot where the altar was ſtanding, may ſtill be plainly remarked, beſides a great number of broken vaſes that had been faſtened to the wall. Theſe vaſes were uſed by the ancient architects, to give ſound to their buildings, a method which, according to my former remarks on that head, deſerves the inquiry and imitation of the moderns. They uſed to place theſe vaſes in the corners of the edifice, where they caught, ſpread, and re-produced the ſounds with various modulations. The ſituation of this circus from without the town, has, in all probability, impeded its total deſtruction.

Near the Via Appia in this ſame diſtrict we ſee the catacombs, whoſe real priſtine deſtination has ſo much divided the opinions of antiquaries, that it might well remain a problem for ever. There is nothing more ridiculous than to attribute

bute to the primitive chriſtians, who ſuffered ſo much by perſecution, theſe admirable ſubterraneous receptacles, whoſe conſtruction muſt have required ſo much boldneſs, diligence, and time. It would indeed have been the greateſt of miracles if whole thouſands of individuals, ſuffering the moſt cruel perſecutions, had been able to build ſubterraneous dwellings of ſuch beauty and extent, cloſe to the gates of the city, inhabited by their greateſt enemies. They are ſtill above one mile long, and notwithſtanding their decayed ſtate, give riſe to thought and aſtoniſhment. I remained in them during four hours, and found ſeveral ſmall or great rooms, and ſpacious halls, joined by alleys or corridors. It is however certain, that during the firſt æra of chriſtianity, many chriſtians have been buried here; hence the catacombs became a mine of relics, and whole waggon-loads were fetched from them.

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The perſecutions during the reigns of ſeveral emperors obliged the primitive chriſtians to keep their worſhip ſecret, for which reaſon they performed their acts of devotion upon the tombs, in ſpite of their natural averſion for thoſe places of corruption. But when they were once tolerated, their averſion was done away; nay, it became cuſtomary to combine the rites of divine ſervice with thoſe of the funerals. Moreover, many perſons who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by a pious and beneficent life, left behind them a ſacred monument after their death. The remembrance of their virtues, and of the torments with which they ſealed their conſtant faith, gave riſe to a general reverence ſhewn to their remains. Thus ſprung up the worſhip of bones, which never belonged to any religion on earth.

The catacombs contain a great number of inſcriptions and ſtone coffins, which prove that chriſtians have been buried in them;

them; while, on the other hand, it is uncertain that ever any of the heathen Romans were interred here. The catacombs about Naples are ſtill greater and more ſpacious; there are alſo ſome in Sicily. If we remember, therefore, the cavern of Pauliſippo, and ſeveral other ſubterraneans in the kingdom of Naples; if we join to them the age of the Roman *Cloacæ*, which, as I made appear in Sect. VIII. is at beſt but conjectural, we will be inclined to think that all theſe works are of Egyptian origin; a nation which is known to have been fond of theſe ſorts of buildings, and has left ſuch extraordinary patterns of them. The ſilence of our own annals on that head cannot be adduced as a proof to the contrary, becauſe, in proportion to thoſe of Egypt, they are of too recent a date; but the ruins of *Pæſtum*, in which the Egyptian ſtile cannot but be known, are great proofs in favour of this opinion.

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Of the Appian military cauſeway, which leads from Rome to the Capitol, great remains are ſtill extant, which diſcover the excellency of its conſtruction. It was the moſt famous and moſt ancient of all the Roman military roads, paved with flat flint-ſtones, many of which have from four to five feet in diameter. The matter with which they were cemented made them withſtand the deſtructive power of many centuries. The breadth of the Appian and Flaminian roads is about fourteen feet each.

The real tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii was quite near the Via Appia. Cloſe the ſpot where it ſtood is now a vineyard belonging to a Roman nobleman, of the name of Bellotti, where I ſpent two days during the vintage. The place where we lived was the temple of *Deus rodiculus*, which had been built after the departure of Hannibal. This temple is ſituate before the gate of Capua, about two Engliſh

miles from Rome, between Via Latina, and Via Appia, upon the ſame ſpot where that great general of the Carthagenians had pitched his camp during the ſiege of Rome. Whatever charms this vineyard muſt have had for us, the ladies, nevertheleſs, longed to return to the city.

To find no pleaſure in rural diverſions is no ſmall defect in the character of the Roman fair ones. The ſex is in general very characteriſtical in this capital. Their air and form are quite peculiar to themſelves, and reſemble the beauties diſcovered in the ancient ſtatues and gems; a great ſhare of natural wit, gravity of conduct, and the pleaſing Roman dialect, which flatters the ear even in the mouth of plebeians, beſides many other good qualities, render them intereſting. Though ladies in all countries are beſt pleaſed with the uniform of a ſoldier, and the military are commonly dangerous to many fathers and huſbands, yet the Roman ladies are utter

utter ſtrangers to that predilection, while the black coat of an abbé has for them irreſiſtible charms. This dreſs is the faſhionable ton of the Roman beaux, and as it helps ſo much to ingratiate with the ladies, it is worn by a great number of men who do not belong to the church, ſuch as phyſicians, lawyers, &c.

It is a phyſical peculiarity of the Roman ladies to be naturally averſe to odoriferous waters, and in general to every thing that is perfumed. It affects their organs of ſmell to ſuch a degree, that indiſpoſitions and ſwoons are frequently the conſequences, ſhould any body with ſimilar fragrances enter their apartments. Foreigners will hardly take it for any thing elſe but affectation. I have, however, been witneſs to many inſtances, which are incontrovertible proofs, that no prejudices or falſe delicacy, but a real and phyſical cauſe, are the ſource of this repugnance.

The peculiar manner of counting the hours has been dropt in many parts of Italy, but Rome, where it was firſt invented, has retained it till now. In the year of the city 595, Scipio Naſica introduced, for the firſt time, a water-dial, which pointed out the hours both night and day. Day and night were divided into twelve hours each, without difference of the ſeaſons, ſo that the hours of the day were longer in ſummer, and in winter ſhorter, than thoſe of the night. The firſt began with ſun-riſing, the ſixth in the middle of the day, and the twelfth at ſun-ſet; then commenced the firſt hour of the night, the ſixth was at midnight, and the twelfth about ſun-riſing. It was at laſt perceived, in the reign of the emperors, that this diviſion was not commodious; therefore the method was introduced to count the four and twenty hours from midnight to midnight next, until the preſent cuſtom took birth, which is ſaid to have been already known in the reign of the

the emperor Adrian. Thus this new mode of counting hours, adopted by the modern Italians, takes its origin from the ancients, and the firſt hour begins with them at the approach of night, and ſo they proceed to twenty-four hours; a faſhion which till now has found no imitators in Europe.

The fondneſs of theatrical exhibitions, ſo peculiar to the modern Romans, can only be ſatisfied here during the time of the carnival, when they do not fail of indulging this favorite inclination to a degree of extravagance. The pooreſt people will make ſhift all the year round, and ſtarve themſelves, in order to have the more diverſion at the carnival. It is then the theatres are daily crowded with people, though ſeven or eight of them are open at one time, and ſome of an enormous extent. To theſe belong two opera-houſes, where no expence is ſpared. The principal ſingers receive, for that ſhort period, from eight to nine hundred ze-

chins, and are lodged in the houſe, or rather confined, in order that they may not catch cold, or ſuffer any other accident, to which people are liable in that ſeaſon of the year. It is well known that they adopt here the fooliſh cuſtom of letting men in diſguiſe act all the parts that ſhould be acted by women; in the operas, the taſk is performed by caſtratoes. One ſhould believe, that this diſguiſe would deſtroy every illuſion; but quite to the contrary, becauſe theſe ambiguous beings have brought it ſo far by imitation, that the ſpectator who knows nothing of the matter would never gueſs them to be what they are, while he only ſees them from a diſtance. As the voice raiſes the greateſt obſtacle, they take pains to imitate, with the moſt minute perfection, every thing relative to gait, poſture, geſts, and manners, ſo that the performance is not at all inferior on that ſcore. But the ſcale turns with regard to the other theatres, where pitiful jack-puddings are acting comedies. When theſe are

diſguiſed, and pretend to imitate the ſoft geſtures of the fair, with their beards and rough voices, nothing can be imagined more ridiculous. I ſaw acted by them, Voltaire's *Zaïre*. A rude fellow, a butcher by trade, who had been engaged as a performer for that carnival, performed the part of *Zaïre*, and put forth with all his might his knotty fiſts for the tender Oroſman to kiſs them. In another ſhow of this kind, one of the merry jacks came upon the ſtage, and made an apology to the ſpectators for the delay in beginning the performance, as *Zaïre* was gone to be ſhaved. Moſt of theſe odd Hiſtrios are not bred to that profeſſion, but are natives of Rome, who follow ſome other buſineſs all the year round, except in the carnival, when they engage as performers. A maſter ſhoemaker acted harlequin on the theatre *de la Valle* for theſe twenty years, and the critics pronounce him very able; be as it will, he is a favorite of the Roman people, and in a few weeks he

gets more money by his jokes, than his trade will fetch him in a twelvemonth.

The theatre of Tordinone, which is the greateſt in point of extent, and the leaſt in point of rank, diſtinguiſhes itſelf by ſingular kinds of performances. Theſe are certain paſſages taken from heroical poems, put into a dramatic ſhape, and rendered dazzling by a great variety of ſcenes. As they are uſually compoſed by ignorant ſcribblers, and acted by buffoons, in the manner of a farce, they can afford but little entertainment, notwithſtanding the decorations and mechanical contrivances. They are, however, ſuſceptible of great improvement. I beheld, among others, the hiſtory of Æneas upon this theatre, and notwithſtanding the great faults of the performance, it was not without effect, as it entirely referred to the great city, where I then ſaw this repreſentation, and, of courſe, revived in my mind many images in the

the moſt lively colours. Sometimes they uſed Virgil's own words, as for inſtance, in that paſſage of the poet, where the Sybil foretels Æneas the future greatneſs of Rome. I then ſaw the Styx, the Tartarus, the Elyſium, &c. The Romans ſpare no expences in point of decorations, and the great number of painters facilitate their undertakings. Notwithſtanding the badneſs of the dances performed on Italian ſtages, thoſe of Rome are bad beyond deſcription, on account of the men diſguiſed in women's cloaths. Their ballets, equally deſtitute of art and invention, uſually laſt one hour, and the people of Rome behold them with ecſtacy, however inſupportable they muſt be to every foreigner of taſte.

Amends are made to the common people for this want of theatres by the great number of church recreations deſcribed above; and the *beau monde* are equally entertained by the *fêtes* given to illuſtrious

viſitors. In theſe the Roman nobility make a very great figure, and ſhew ſo exceſſive a prodigality, which, though little conſonant with their filthy manner of living, is fully adapted to their pride. Upon ſimilar occaſions it becomes difficult to foreign miniſters to make themſelves conſpicuous by *fêtes*. The Venetian Envoy attempted it in 1780 by a maſked ball, which has perhaps never had its like in Europe. The Envoys of this republic reſide always in the palace of St. Mark, which formerly belonged to the pope, but has ſince been ſold to the republic. Paul II. a Venetian, had it built in 1474. There is no ſuch Gothic edifice in all Rome, and its vaſt extent gave opportunity to the ſubſequent extravagant plan.

In the year 1780, when the archduke Ferdinand and his ſpouſe arrived in Rome, the foreign ambaſſadors conſulted among themſelves upon the means of entertaining theſe illuſtrious viſitors. There

was

was then only four at Rome, the French, the Spaniſh, the Venetian, and the Malteſe. The reſult was, that the two former ſhould give a dinner, as the time of the arch-duke's ſtay would not admit of greater preparations, and the two latter ſhould wait for his return from Naples, when he would ſtay at leaſt two months in Rome. The Malteſe ambaſſador, who was a Frenchman, thought it proper to make ſecret preparations for a dinner, and thus to get the better of the Venetian. The arch-duke received his invitation, and fixed the day following for his departure. Every body who knows courts, and the effects of diſappointed ambition, may eaſily form himſelf an idea of the anger and rage of the Venetian. Thus to humble the moſt ſerene republic of Venice, whoſe preſumption ranges her among the firſt powers on earth, was ſurely matchleſs inſolence. The firſt meaſure taken by the offended miniſter, was to obtain by ſolicitations, that the arch-duke might

put off his departure for a few days, to enable him to give alſo his dinner. His requeſt was accordingly granted, and the noble travellers afterwards purſued their journey. At their return the Venetian ambaſſador received orders to ſpare no coſts that might do honour to the republic. In conſequence, a maſquerade was given in St. Mark's palace, and bills ſtuck up, by which all the inhabitants of Rome, without diſtinction, were invited. No perſon was denied entrance, except ſuch of the populace whoſe attire would not ſuffer them to be admitted. The doors were opened at eight, and a whole world of maſks ruſhed into the palace. This laſted till ten, when nobody was let in, and perſons of diſtinction and high rank, who thought to be in time, were refuſed admiſſion. But this order was highly neceſſary, as the immenſe number of perſons preſent filled the halls, apartments, galleries, and avenues to ſuch a degree, that one could ſcarcely move, and it was im-

poſſible for whole hours to go from one room into another, nay, even to ſtir from the ſpot. The number of maſks exceeded twelve thouſand; the heat was ſtifling, and the abundant refreſhments could only be obtained at the peril of one's life; becauſe the Roman populace had formed a line of circumvallation all round the tables, and with unſhaken bravery kept their poſt. Thus ended a feaſt, which, inſtead of affording eaſe and pleaſure, gave only riſe to the greateſt incommodities.

The Romans contend with the Neapolitans for the glory of being the beſt muſicians in Italy, and many amateurs ſide with the Romans, though inſtitutions for learning muſic are wanting here, whereas they are no where more abundant and better than in Naples. In ſupport of the above conceit, they adduce the argument, that never an opera, the higheſt production of muſic, had pleaſed in Rome without be-

ing equally well received at Naples; whilſt on the contrary, many Neapolitan operas had been damned at Rome, which of courſe was an evident proof of the ſuperior and more refined taſte of the Romans in that art. It is certain, that the organization of the latter is moſt ſenſible to muſic. This may be ſeen in the operas when fine ariettas are ſung, ſome ſhed tears of rapture, others glow with pleaſure, and all are moved. Their enthuſiaſm leads them frequently to great extravagance. It is well known, that they will frequently remain a whole hour or more in the houſe after the performance is over, and the muſic has pleaſed them; in order to expreſs their applauſe by continual ſhouts and clapping of hands; ſometimes freſh lights are put up, to prolong thoſe acts of madneſs. Frequently the compoſer of ſuch an opera is carried upon his chair from the orcheſtra upon the theatre by the people. The celebrated Jomelli was at that time the laſt who had

that

that honour; but next year another opera of his diſpleaſed ſo much, that the furious audience obliged him not only to quit the orcheſtra, but even the houſe; an accident which grieved him to ſuch a degree that he inſtantly left Rome, and has never returned ſince.

The celebrated Miſſiwezech, a Bohemian, who died at Rome in 1782, would have ſhared the ſame fate, if the reſpect for the arch-duke Ferdinand, who was then preſent, had not reſtrained the capricious multitude. This foreigner had rendered himſelf famous at Naples, by nine operas, written by himſelf, and had been requeſted to compoſe the muſic to a Roman opera, and this choice was thought to pleaſe the arch-duke, his protector; but he had bad ſucceſs, and all Rome was of opinion, that they never heard a more paltry muſical performance in any of their operas.

The

The great number of muſical performances in churches keep up this inclination to muſic, which is alſo perceived at night in the ſtreets, where whole bodies of common people walk about ſinging. There are two hundred caſtratoes in Rome, all engaged in different churches, ſome of which keep eight or ten in continual pay. This brings them from Naples, their mother country; for in Rome the operation is prohibited under pain of excommunication.

The playhouſes in Rome are open from Twelfth-day to Aſh Wedneſday, but the real carnival, by which the Italians mean only the time of the maſquerade, laſts only a ſe'nnight. On thoſe days alone the Romans are allowed to go about maſked for four or five hours, to which the ſignal is given by the ringing of a bell in the Capitol. As in theſe hours every thing is to be feared from the extravagant populace, the moſt efficient meaſures

meaſures are taken to prevent miſchief. All the pope's troops, both horſe and foot, are ordered under arms and in continual motion, the ſbirrs are detached to thoſe parts of Rome which are the moſt crowded, and the trap-gallows are hung with ropes, in order to make ſwing immediately every diſturber of public tranquillity.

This is a common puniſhment in Italy, inflicted upon ſuch who are not ſent to the gallies; a method more barbarous than any other puniſhment practiſed here. The delinquent's arms are tied to his back, a rope is faſtened to them, and then he is drawn up to a height of fifty or ſixty feet; ſo that the whole weight of the body reſts upon the arms, which are forced out of their muſcles. At laſt they let him drop down all on a ſudden, yet ſo that his feet do not touch the ground. By this ſhameful puniſhment young, healthy and ſtrong people are often made cripples, in a country

try where hands are ſo neceſſary, where work is ſo much ſhunned, and where begging is no diſgrace. I ſhall dwell no farther upon this ſubject, and return from this image of horror to the carnival.

This favorite diverſion of the Italians, which from its ſhort duration is the more lively and attractive, brings a vaſt number of ſtrangers from all parts of Italy, even from Venice, to this capital. The ſtreet called *Il Corſo*, repreſents indeed a beautiful ſpectacle. All Rome aſſembles in this principal ſtreet, which has an Italian mile in length; carpets hang from all windows, balconies and palaces are full of ladies, who make uſe of all their elegance to make conqueſts in the feſtival hour; beſides a great number of amphitheatres erected, the whole ſtreet is covered both right and left with chairs, which are let to the ſpectators. The middle is for the carriages and thoſe who walk on foot. All the carriages are filled with maſks,

maſks, to the very ſervants and coachman. They ride up on one ſide and down the other in the greateſt regularity and order. No carriage is allowed to go faſt, or to ſtop long, or to leave the proceſſion any where, except at the appointed place. Such meaſures are highly neceſſary, for the ſafety of the numberleſs crowds on foot, who make a moſt ludicrous appearance. The pooreſt girls have a maſk and a peculiar diſguiſe of their own, which frequently muſt ſerve that purpoſe all their life-time. Towards night there is a race of fifteen, twenty, or more horſes, and then the public maſquerade is at an end. He who is caught afterwards with a maſk on his face is thrown into priſon. It is only permitted to wear the cloaths, but not the maſk. After the operas the routs begin, which are very ſplendid. The ſame order is purſued for a whole week. The Romans call this time *Otto giorni di Pardiſo*, or the eight days of the Paradiſe.

This

This gay life is ſucceeded by the diſmal Lent, which is more melancholy in Rome than any where elſe. The days of joy fleet away with the greateſt rapidity, but thoſe of repentance creep along with the more ſlowneſs. Pope Lambertini was adviſed to divide the faſts into four different epochs, that their preſent length and tedioufneſs might not be felt ſo ſeverely. He rejected this advice, ſaying, "Then it would be carnival all the year "round, and no Lent at all."

The cardinals never go to the theatres, and their example is followed by moſt of the biſhops and great prelates. If it happens, it is with the greateſt ſecrecy. However, the governor of Rome, though a prieſt himſelf, is bound by office to be preſent at the opening of the two principal theatres. He has the honor of being ſhewn into the beſt box, and all the audience is obliged to wait for his arrival. He, however, pays dear for thoſe marks of

of reſpect, as the etiquette obliges him to treat the three lower rows of boxes with refreſhments and ſweetmeats, which are carried about between the acts by his ſervants, upon the moſt valuable ſilver vaſes, and diſtributed without being aſked for. The theatres where this etiquette is obſerved, is that of Aliberti and Argentini, each has ſix rows of boxes above each other, and each row contains thirty different boxes. The ladies appear on thoſe days of refreſhment in their greateſt elegance, and quite decked with jewels.

Since 1778, a peculiar diverſion has been added to the end of the Carnival. With the joculár idea of performing the funeral rites of the Carnival, the ſtreet *Il Corſo* is illuminated in a very extraordinary manner during the laſt night. Every body, from the loweſt plebeian to the princeſs, carries a burning candle: many carry ſcores, nay hundreds, faſtened on poles and pyramids, and the ladies in their

their brilliant equipages are alſo provided with wax-lights. Should this uncommon diverſion find more imitators and improvers, the lanthorn or lamp feaſt of the Chineſe would ſoon ceaſe to be looked upon as ſo ſtrange a cuſtom. Theſe fire-feaſts have been in vogue among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Peruvians, but with this difference, that with them it was a religious cuſtom; whereas to the Romans it is a mere ſport. Should it ever ſpread farther and become more common, ſome penetrating geniuſes will not fail aſſerting one day, that it is a cuſtom tranſmitted to us from the Chineſe, in imitation of the learned de Guignes, who maintains that the latter received it from the Egyptians.

SECT.

SECT. XII.

NAPLES.—*Situation.*—*Character of the Neapolitans.*—*Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius and other Saints.*—*Milk of the Virgin Mary.*—*Inconſtancy of the Women.*—*Caſtratoes.*—*Lazaroni.*—*Banditti.*—*Character of theſe kind of people.*—*Point of honour of a Banditti.*—*Vapos or Guards againſt Murderers.*—*Rarity of Thefts.*—*Chicane.*—*Pederaſty.*—*Menial employment.*—*The Poiſon of Aqua Tofana.*—*Cuſtoms.*—*Architecture.*—*Apothecaries Shops.*—*Beneficence.*—*Royal Prerogatives.*—*Carnival.*—*Theatres.*—*Singular Maſquerade at Naples, repreſenting the Court of Conſtantinople.*—*Nobility.*—*Libraries.*—*Manuſcripts of the Herculanum.*—*Their ſhameful Neglect.*—*Treaſures of Art and Antiquity.*—*Herculanum.*—*Pompeia and its Ruins.*—*Portici.*

tici.—Vaſt Collection of Antiquities.—Remarkable Objects of the environs of Naples.—The Cavern of Pauſilippo.—Virgil's Tomb.—Veſuvius.—Land Troops and Marine.—Admiral Byng's Watch, or the celebrated Action of Popilius the Roman, revived.—The Concluſion.

THERE is, perhaps, no finer diſtrict on earth than that of Naples, a tract of land, which two thouſand years ago was ſo famous for its heavenly beauties, as to make ſlumber the ambition of Hannibal, to enervate his brave warriors, and to induce Virgil to believe that there was no better ſpot where he might place the Elyſian fields. Thus profuſe had nature been, even in thoſe times, in laviſhing her treaſures upon this country; indeed the moſt exuberant fancy would be at a loſs to create itſelf a ſufficient image of the beautiful, grand, and rare objects which preſent themſelves here to the enraptured eye. The fineſt gulph imaginable forms a ſemi-

a ſemi-circle; the coaſts are embelliſhed with vineyards, and the woods with numberleſs villas; in the center ariſes the great city of Naples in form of an amphitheatre, with an excellent harbour, the proſpect of the ſea, the iſle of Caprea, now Capri, and mount Veſuvius. All this united, forms an aſſemblage which baffles the power of deſcription. When people firſt arrive in this enchanting region, they forget both the arts and mankind, and their whole attention is engroſſed by inanimate nature.

The character of the Neapolitans diſtinguiſhes itſelf by a thouſand peculiarities from that of the Romans their neighbours, wherefore they hate each other with all their hearts; the latter carry this hatred ſo far, that even the moſt diſcreet and ſweet tempered perſons among them will, upon no account, do juſtice to the Neapolitans.

This

This nation is doubtleſs the moſt unenlightened of Italy; hence the moſt devout, or to expreſs myſelf with propriety, the moſt ſuperſtitious. There is no ſurer criterion of the acquirements and progreſſive ſtate of a nation, than the proportion of this ſo called devotion. He that ſurveys, in this point of view, all the countries and provinces of Europe, will find the propoſition confirmed.

Should a Chineſe, unacquainted with Europe, paſs from Rome to Naples, he would ſcarce believe that both cities profeſs one and the ſame religion, and find it leſs probable ſtill, that the throne of religious mummery is that, where the people diſplay the leaſt zeal in acts of piety. Indeed, upon comparing the Romans to the Neapolitans, the former are free-thinkers. The proceſſions are alſo more numerous and ſplendid in Naples than in Rome; the churches more magnificently decorated, and more rich in ſilver; their cloi-

cloiſters more replete with friars and nuns, and ſuperſtition has attained here the verge of exceſs. This is alſo the only city in Europe which, at the cloſe of the eighteenth century, exhibits ſtill annually a grand ſpiritual buffoonery with the blood of St. Januarius, which is not only an object of deriſion to all catholics of ſenſe, but the common laughing-ſtock to the catholic populace of other ſtates.

This farce is repeated ſeveral times in the year, and when the blood begins to liquefy, it is a token of the good diſpoſition of the ſaint towards the city of Naples, of which he is protector. The liquefaction depends much on the prieſts; yet it is probable, that at preſent they have loſt a great deal of the art and manœuvres required to perform the operation with eaſe; and that they are no longer maſters of the part they are to act, appears plainly in that, becauſe the prieſt who holds the phial, muſt ſometimes work hard for whole

hours, while the ſweat of anxiety covers his body, before he is able to liquefy the blood. As ſoon as it is done, all the ſtreets reſound with the words, "The "miracle is performed!" It is immediately announced by the ringing of bells and the roar of cannons, and an expreſs is diſpatched to bring theſe happy tidings to the king, ſo he be not in Naples.

To all appearance, the motion and heat of the hands muſt liquefy the compact matter contained in the phial: it is then ſhewn to the people kneeling about the altar, and it may plainly be perceived, that this liquid ſubſtance has not the leaſt property of blood, which would ſtick to the glaſs. Every ſtranger, within proximity, may be an ocular witneſs to this ſingular ſcene; but he muſt be well pleaſed with the ceremony; he muſt give give himſelf hardy knocks on his head and breaſt; he muſt be maſter of his phyſiognomy, and not betray the leaſt

ſymp-

ſymptom of infidelity, leſt he ſhould become the victim of popular fury. I ſaw proteſtants in Rome who laughed in the moſt indecent manner during the ſervice in the churches; yet they were either not taken notice of, or prudently reprimanded for their indecent behaviour; but here the leaſt ſlip of that kind, even the neglect of any ceremony, would be attended with the moſt dangerous conſequences. God, the creator of all, ſeems to act a very ſubordinate part compared to this ſaint: the higheſt and moſt ſacred oath of the Neapolitan is,—*by the blood of St. Januarius!*

As this blood was of ſo great a ſervice to the clergy of that kingdom, it was naturally to be expected, that the blood of other ſaints would alſo get into motion: and indeed St. Stephen, St. John, St. Pantalon, and other ſaints, would not keep long behind, but are inceſſantly performing their bloody miracles in the diffe-

rent churches of Naples. But what ſurpaſſes all, even the miracle of St. Januarius, is the milk of the Virgin Mary preſerved in the church of the Minorite friars. Miracles have, in general, great inlets into this kingdom; for, beſides the above-mentioned blood, the milk of the Virgin, and other holy ingredients of the liquid ſort, which are ſo rich a food for the belief in miracles, we find alſo, ſolid and ſtout miraculous bodies, ſuch as croſſes and images, both of ſtone and wood, which have formerly ſpoke in the language of man.

There is no city in Europe where thinking is leſs the faſhion than here. Beſides ſuperſtition, the brains of the Neapolitans are only ſtuffed with ſounds. Muſic is ſubſtituted by them to all other arts and ſciences. Their ungovernable inclination to ſenſuality has introduced caſtration; they even make uſe of cruelty to procure more pleaſure to ſociety.

The

The Neapolitans are good-tempered by nature; and if they do harm, it happens through their exceſſive ignorance. Their voluptuous ſky renders the women very willing; and this readineſs of theirs, adding the Sirocco-wind, makes the men ſo effeminate, that they are unable to diſplay their talents. The women are quite unfit for converſation.

The Romans and Neapolitans contend for the ſuperiority of their cities. At Rome people are ſad, but at Naples every thing breathes gaiety. Rome ſurpaſſes every city with regard to the arts, but is not well ſituated; whereas Naples, with the moſt magnificent ſituation, cultivates, excepting muſic, but a few arts or none at all.

The women not only in Naples, but throughout Italy in general, are very inconſtant in love, and juſtify themſelves by the equally great fickleneſs and bad

faith of their lovers: they quote on that head the following lines of Metaſtaſio:

E la fede degli amanti
Come l'Araba fenice,
Che vi ſia chiaſcun lo dice
Dove ſia neſſun lo ſa.

"Like th' Arabian phœnix is a lover's faith,
"All ſay it is—but where?—the curious ſaith."

Hence the motto of the Neapolitan ladies is: *Molti averne, un goderne, e cangiar ſpeſſo.* Have many lovers, enjoy one, and change often.

Naples renders itſelf remarkable by different claſſes of men, quite peculiar to this city. It is the country of the caſtrato, the only abode of the lazaroni, and the chief reſidence of the banditti. Here alone theſe horrible mutilations are performed, which have been thought ſo neceſſary to our operas. They are gene-

rally

fally people of the meaneſt deſcription who give their children for ſuch operations, in hope, that they may be able one day to ſupport their parents. But this hope is frequently diſappointed in many different reſpects; ſometimes the voice does not diſplay itſelf, or the child has no natural parts for muſic. Such a boy is very ſoon put out as apprentice, and an agreement made with the maſter to whoſe care he is committed, that as ſoon as his pupil can appear in public, he is to receive his pay for a certain number of years. This is the reward for his inſtructions, which are never grafted in but with the whip. It may be ſaid that the poor child is inoculated, by dint of laſhes for the acquiſition of this fine art, the delight of the courts of Europe.

The number of theſe victims is ſo great, that they ſurpaſs the want of ſingers of all kings and princes; for which reaſon, they have been allowed to take orders; but

they can only be ſecular prieſts, and are permitted to ſay maſs. But as the eccleſiaſtic laws of the church of Rome require, for this purpoſe, a perſon that has not been mutilated, the ſophiſts of that perſuaſion have thought it ſufficient for ſuch a prieſt to have his amputated genitals in his pocket, when he approaches the altar.

A very particular accident happened a few years ago to a ſinger of the name of Balani. This man was born without any viſible ſigns of thoſe parts which are taken out in caſtration, he was, therefore, looked upon as a true-born caſtrato; an opinion, which was even confirmed by his voice. He learned muſic, and ſung for ſeveral years upon the theatre with great applauſe. One day he exerted himſelf ſo uncommonly in ſinging an arietta, that all of a ſudden thoſe parts, which had been ſo long concealed by nature, dropped into their proper place. The ſinger from this very inſtant loſt his voice, which

which became even perceptible in the ſame performance, and with it he loſt every proſpect of a future ſubſiſtence.

The Lazaroni being a ſet of people, to be found in no place in the world, may, of courſe, be conſidered as true moral phænomena. Their number is ſuppoſed to be forty thouſand, all men, without condition, employment, property, abode, or ſubſiſtence; remarkable for their extreme indigence, yet living in perfect harmony among themſelves. Thus they compoſe a formidable body, and become many times the terror of the government. The amazing fertility of the country, the heat of the climate, and indolence, have produced theſe ſingular creatures. A Lazaroni will often live a whole week upon fruits, which the earth produces here with ſuch excellence and abundance; his body is very badly covered, nay, almoſt naked, and ſeldom lives in a houſe, but uſually in the open ſtreet: here he ſleeps, and is

content if he can but ſhelter himſelf in ſome manner from the inclemency of the weather. With ſuch wants, the ſmalleſt gain muſt make the Lazaroni ſubſiſt. They are employed for different purpoſes, viz. as labourers, meſſengers, porters, &c. and will put up with the ſmalleſt gratuity. It is remarkable, that they are not in the leaſt ſaucy, though they might be expected to be ſo, on account of their great numbers; on the contrary, they are humble, and bear with patience all the contempt and affronts of the reſt of the multitude. This is alſo highly neceſſary, for were the whole body of the Lazaroni to protect and revenge every individual member of theirs, Naples would become a den of murderers. Senſible, therefore, that no other city would ſuffer them to live as they do here, they avoid every thing that may tend to injure their community. It has alſo never been heard, that a Lazaroni ſuffered himſelf to be employed as a banditti.

The banditti are alſo very numerous, and enjoy the protection of the people of quality, have a great number of aſylums or places of refuge, and are punctually paid for every murder they commit. But this reward is but a trifle, and often the price fixed upon a man's life, is only a couple of zechins. I myſelf have ſeen ſuch an act of horror. One night when the opera being ended, the avenues to the theatre were full of people; two perſons, one of them an officer, were the deſtined victims: they were ſuffered very quietly to get into their carriage, and before the coachman could drive off, on account of the great crowds of people, two banditti approached at once the doors of the carriage, aimed and thruſt their daggers into the breaſt of two found unſuſpecting perſons, and made them in a moment two dead corpſes. The day following a report was circulated all over the city, that the profligate and ruthleſs ſon of a great miniſter was the author of

this more than ſavage aſſaſſination, yet the deed had no farther conſequences.

It would be a miſtake to conſider theſe banditti as monſters. Although they are ſo in our idea, yet they themſelves, juſtified by education, laws, and religious notions, do not regard their honeſt profeſſion in ſo black a light. That they ſin in committing murder, they are perfectly ſenſible of, but it is only a ſin, of which the next confeſſion-ſeat will clear them. Thus they have nothing to mind but their penitential acts, which their father confeſſor orders them to perform; and to calculate the proportion between theſe, which moſtly conſiſt in prayers, and the blood-money they have earned. As the greateſt part of theſe crimes remains unpuniſhed, and ſuch as are puniſhed, conſiſt only in ſentencing the murderer to row the gallies for two or three years, I do not know what ſhould impreſs the ignorant banditti with a proper ſenſe of his infamous,

infamous, deteſtable profeſſion. It being a more lucrative than honeſt employ, and the reward being gained by idleneſs, a circumſtance ſo much attended to in this climate, they follow quietly their buſineſs, and continue murdering with the greateſt unconcern. But they never forget to put their roſary in the ſame place which hides the dagger, in order to atone immediately, by muttering ſome *Ave-Marias* for the moſt heinous crimes they have committed. Having done this, the banditti think themſelves clear of all ſins, and only wait for freſh opportunities of imbruing their guilty hands with innocent blood.

The great number of theſe accidents made the people of Naples ſo indifferent about them, that ſtrangers are ſhocked at it. They ſpeak here of a man that has been murdered, nearly in the ſame tone as we do if a perſon accidentally falls down in our ſtreets. If the murderer is no banditti, but another perſon, who com-

commits the deed for the ſake of his own private intereſt, he may ſurely rely on the pity of the ſurrounding people, who will do every thing to facilitate his eſcape. From all ſides re-echoes the word, *poveretto!* (poor fellow!) not to pity the perſon aſſaſſinated, but his aſſaſſin. What an immenſe contraſt with England, where the life of the meaneſt plebeian is an object of general attention, where neither rank nor riches can ſave the murderer, and where even people of quality will hinder him from making his eſcape!

The banditti confeſs very often, go diligently to hear maſs; obſerve moſt ſcrupulouſly their faſts, and invoke daily St. Januarius. Thus they ſuppoſe to fulfil every duty of religion, and to go with piety unto ſalvation. A few years ago, a banditti, who had committed many murders, was brought to juſtice; he confeſſed his crimes without being aſked, and added ſeveral

ſeveral other acts of horror, which had been concealed to that very moment. But upon being aſked among other things, whether he had obſerved his faſts, he found himſelf affronted: he thought this queſtion ſuch an outrage, that he aſked his judges, with bitterneſs, whether they did not look upon him as a chriſtian?

Many of theſe banditti are commanded by a chief, who has more boldneſs, more cunning, more money, and what is beſt, more protection, or properly ſpeaking, more cuſtomers than his ſubalterns. He that applies to ſuch a one is ſure of finding him always in readineſs to comply with, and execute the propoſal made to him. I know a ſtory of one of thoſe chiefs, who died in the very exerciſe of his profeſſion, which deſerves to be mentioned. He was hired by a nobleman unknown to him, to diſpatch a man, whom he ſhould find on a certain place, at a certain hour, and in a well deſcribed dreſs.

dreſs. The banditti takes the bounty, and pledges his word to perform the buſineſs. A few hours after, he receives the ſame command from this victim marked out for deſtruction, to kill his enemy, who was no other than the abovementioned unknown nobleman. He deſcribed, without telling his name, the place, hour, and dreſs of his adverſary, and gave the chief his recompence. The unſuſpecting banditti pledges his honor, that nothing ſhould ſave the other from death. The night comes ſo pregnant with the fate of the revengeful parties. The murderers meet at the appointed place the latter cuſtomer, and diſpatch him with the utmoſt celerity. The next hour was marked out for the former. They take their appointed poſts, while the chief was waiting for his prey. He appears, and on his approach, they know one another. The banditti is terrified to find in his cuſtomer the appointed victim. He informs him as conciſely as poſſible,

of

of the performance of the buſineſs commanded, but informs him too, at the ſame time, that his murdered enemy had given him the ſame orders. He expreſſed his ſorrow at the accident, and declared moſt ſolemnly his ignorance, which had occaſioned the miſtake. The cuſtomer did not comprehend the meaning of all theſe apologies, till he heard the concluſion of this ſtrange ſpeech: "Now, Sir, as your enemy who has hired me is dead, and cannot chide me if I were to let you live, I have however received his money to diſpatch you, and pledged my honor to acquit myſelf faithfully of the truſt he has repoſed in me. This is what I muſt fulfil." Upon this formal aſſurance, the banditti put an end to the ſcene, by plunging his dagger into the heart of the unfortunate man.

As love adventures are frequently followed by ſimilar conſequences, and thoſe quite inſeparable from ſo warm a climate, a good

good cuſtom has been introduced here, which was brought from Palermo. The adventurers who thought themſelves unſafe, hire a ſet of people called *Vapos*, to attend them wherever they go. They are well armed, of known courage and ſtrength, and above all, acquainted with the banditti, with whom they frequently aſſociate; hence thoſe who commit themſelves to their protection are perfectly ſafe. They are well paid, and receive one, and ſometimes two zechins a day. For this reaſon they do not quit a moment the perſon they are to protect, but follow him as cloſe as his ſhadow. At night they ſleep before his door, wrapt up in their cloaks, upon the cold ground. A friend of mine had an amorous intrigue with a lady, who was ſo anxious for his ſafety, that ſhe hired him ſuch a *Vapos*, who followed him wherever he went. During the firſt day he was in continual fear and trepidation, as he looked upon his

his genius as his perſecutor, till the matter was finally explained to him.

Theſts are as unuſual here as murders are common; and the reaſons for thoſe, which I have aſſigned in Sect. IV. are the ſame all over Italy. In ſuch a city as Naples, which is not lighted, full of windings and obſcure corners, and governed by a very bad police, thieves might have full play. But notwithſtanding the great indigence of the inhabitants, this crime is very rarely committed. Whole baſkets full of ſilver plate, which have been uſed at the theatres for ſuppers or refreſhments, are carried after twelve at night, through dark and obſcure ſtreets* without being touched.

Though the Neapolitans abhor to encroach upon the property of their fellow

* The city of Naples has been lighted with lamps, only ſince 1786, juſt after the author had left Naples. Tranſlator.

citizens

citizens by violent or treacherous means, they however are much inclined to ſeize upon it under the pretence of right or law. This ſpirit of chicane is ſo ſtrong among them, that there is no city in the world where law-ſuits are more frequent than here. Naples is, therefore, replete with lawyers, and the tribunals are numberleſs. This litigious character has been tranſmitted to them by the Normans in the eleventh century, who introduced it with their laws, by which the country is ſtill governed.

The crime of Pederaſty is more in vogue at Naples than in any other city of Italy. Climate and idleneſs promoted this deteſtable paſſion in a country where the ladies cannot boaſt much of their charms. I obſerved, that in all the cities of Europe I have ſeen, none lacks more for handſome ladies than this. The inhabitants make themſelves very bad amends for this want, by giving a looſe to the

the unnatural luſts of the fleſh. Lord Tilney, a great pederaſt, who died a few years ago, made Naples his reſidence during five and twenty years, on purpoſe to glut the better his beſtial appetite. In order to avoid ſome criminal proceedings which threatened him in England, on account of the ſame darling paſſion, which no nation abhors more than the Engliſh, he bade an everlaſting farewell to his country, and lived here in princely ſplendor upon an income of eighteen thouſand pounds. He ſpent uſually the ſummer in Florence, and in winter returned to Naples, where he gave the moſt brilliant feaſts, and indulged his paſſion till he died. The abſurd cuſtom of having all the menial work performed by men, encourages pederaſty to no ſmall degree among the Italians. This cuſtom ſprings from the ancient and barbarian prejudice, according to which chaſtity is the higheſt of all virtues, and incontinence the moſt deteſtable of all vices. In order to avoid this, the women

are

are exempted from all menial employ, which is left to the men, who make even the beds of their wives and the unmarried ladies. The ſame cuſtom is alſo preſerved in the great inns of Italy, where no female creature is to be ſeen. This condemns the women to a downright inactivity, with which they are alſo highly pleaſed; even the huſband of the moſt common woman muſt ſpend his time in this mean ſervility, though he has otherwiſe enough to do to maintain himſelf and his family by daily labor. It is to him to buy proviſions, to dreſs them, and to keep the houſe and utenſils clean. People will think that only the moſt good-natured of huſbands can ſhew ſuch exceſſive complaiſance to his dear half; yet, whether good or bad it matters not, it is looked upon as a duty of his, for the performance of which ſhe will not in the leaſt thank him. I never found any traveller who made this obſervation; it is, however, literally true, and all thoſe, whoſe attention has not been ſolely

ſolely engroſſed by maſter-pieces, libraries, and theatres, but alſo by a ſocial intercourſe, muſt candidly ſupport it.

Naples is the only place in the world where the famous poiſon called *Aqua Tofana* is prepared. It is, however, lucky for mankind, that there are but few perſons here who have the ſecret to prepare it. The moſt rigorous laws have been enacted not only againſt the ſelling, but alſo the making of it, which in ſome ſmall degree hemmed the evil, but could not eradicate it. There is nothing more dangerous than this poiſon, which baffles all precaution, and whoſe effects no antidote can counteract. I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with one part of its ingredients, which are opium and cantharides. It is very peculiar, that it is as clear as the pureſt water, has no taſte, and of courſe cannot be much guarded againſt. It attacks the moſt noble parts of the body, cauſes no convulſions,

vulſions, nor particular pains, but only a lingering, languiſhing ſtate, which baffles all art, and 'is followed by inevitable death. The great ſkill with which it muſt be prepared, may be conceived from theſe very two ingredients, of which the Chineſe prepare an uncommon ſtrong corroborative, to ſtrengthen the ſixth ſenſe of nature.

Proviſions are extremely cheap in Naples, and for this reaſon its population amounts to 350,000 ſouls. Whole thouſands of them come from the provinces, as the means of getting a livelihood are ſo various in this capital, and bodily wants ſo eaſily ſatisfied. People ſleep here more than in any other city in Italy chiefly in the warm ſeaſons the greateſt part of the day is devoted to ſleep, and they wake almoſt all night. The pleaſures of the day charm the Neapolitans ſo little, that there is not a ſingle public place within their city, where people may walk under

the ſhadow of trees. It is no bad faſhion in this metropolis, during the warm weather, to change one's cloaths, even in the houſe of the perſon to whom the viſit is paid; and were this charge only to conſiſt of a ſhirt, the eaſe which it muſt give to the body is very obvious.

Naples cannot boaſt of many famous works of architecture, in ſpite of its vaſt and magnificent churches, convents, and palaces. The chief taſte of the Neapolitans is what is deemed extravagant with reſpect to the arts; and manifeſts itſelf in their edifices, fountains, &c. which form a great contraſt with thoſe of Rome. The pavement of the ſtreets is very good, and moſtly conſiſts of the lava of Mount Veſuvius, which has been hewn out in great and large pieces. The roofs of the houſes are quite flat, which would put this city in a very bad ſituation in caſe of a ſiege.

The monks keep here medical warehouſes, or apothecary ſhops, in their convents, where they prepare and ſell all remedies.* The poor get them gratis; and the Neapolitans are in general praiſeworthy for their beneficence to them. Whole troops of paupers, amounting to ſeveral thouſands, receive their daily ſubſiſtence from the convent of the Carthuſian Monks, which is reckoned to be immenſely rich, lies upon a mountain, and commands the moſt enchanting view of the adjacent country and ſea.

No prince in Europe has it more in his power to reduce the monks than the king of Sicily, who has the ſole prerogative of being perpetual legate of the ſee of Rome. He may, at his pleaſure, excommunicate or abſolve all laymen or prieſts of his kingdom. Neither rank

* The Friar in Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet, ſeems to confirm the antiquity of this cuſtom in Italy. *Tranſlator.*

nor

nor dignity, that of a cardinal not excepted, can ſcreen any perſon from his juriſdiction. The Viceroy of Sicily has alſo the peculiar title of *Beatiſſimo Padre*, (moſt bleſſed father) given him in all petitions. Though the king has no ſuch prerogative at Naples, it muſt nevertheleſs give the reader a high notion of his ſpiritual power, which might facilitate many arbitrary meaſures againſt the clergy, if proper uſe was made of it. It has been impoſſible till now to introduce the tribunal of the holy inquiſition, againſt which the Neapolitans have ſeveral times declared themſelves in a moſt obſtinate manner. The want of this tribunal has not in the leaſt abated their devotion, which they ever ſhew by an unremitted exerciſe of their religious rites, and by keeping their faſts more rigorouſly than other Italians; by them they wiſh to atone for the exceſſes they have committed during the carnival.

Their carnival is highly ſplendid. The great opera-houſe of St. Carlo is the moſt magnificent in Italy, and as that of Parma is not fit for uſe, alſo the greateſt in Europe. On certain nights it is quite decorated with glaſſes, and the boxes illuminated from top to bottom, which makes a prodigious fine appearance. I once ſaw it in that ſplendor. The firſt impreſſion it made upon me was great, but I ſoon felt the too great ſplendor of the illuminations dazzle my eyes, and hinder me from ſeeing the art of the performance. This theatre is remarkable for its decorations, which do not conſiſt of ſide ſcenes puſhed forwards like in other countries, but of three vaſt diviſions, which occupy the bottom and the two ſides. Upon theſe the greateſt objects are painted in a perſpective; a diſpoſition which has no good effect, and will conſequently find few or no imitators. This royal theatre is, like all others, in the hands of managers, whoſe contract laſts only one twelve-

month,

month, and whoſe gain or loſs depends upon circumſtances. Naples has no theatre for repreſenting tragedies or comedies, but only for operas, farces, and puppet-ſhows, which are uncommonly crowded. The people cannot live without ſeeing their *Polichinello*. This part is acted by a Calabrian peaſant, who endeavours to diſplay his groſs wit, with cracking in his own gibberiſh, the moſt pitiful and ill-rhimed jokes.

The Neapolitans may boaſt of having executed the gigantic project of a ſpectacle unique, in the annals of the carnival. It happened about fourteen years ago, and has been repeated every year ſince. Vienne, the famous French painter, was deſired to give the plan, and ſent it from Rome his reſidence, to Naples. Its object was a maſquerade, repreſenting the Great Signior going in proceſſion from the Seraglio to the Moſque. The whole court, beſides the king and

queen, take a part in this magnificent ſpectacle, which tranſports the ſpectator's mind to the reſidence of the Ottomans. He ſees the ſultan attended by his ſultana's and female ſlaves, all the great officers of ſtate, and the great of the empire, eſcorted by ſeveral thouſands of Janiſaries. Every one of them is in a proper characteriſtic Turkiſh dreſs. The Pachas, Agas, and Vizir, &c. ſtrut about in the richeſt dreſſes, &c. glittering with jewels. As every body exerts himſelf to ſhine on ſuch a day, and no expence is ſpared, it may perhaps be ſaid, that the imitation ſurpaſſes the ſplendor of the original. The proceſſion paſſes through the principal ſtreets, and though the royal family are among the number of the actors, the king never repreſents the ſultan, but appears in the diſguiſe of a Pacha. This parade, which uſually takes place towards the end of the carnival, is frequently repeated ſeveral times.

The

The Neapolitan nobility are very numerous, and partly very rich. Their vanity is not content with the ſimple title of count or marquis, they will abſolutely be princes or dukes. Hence the greateſt part of the noble Neapolitan families have that title. Their great number muſt make them leſs eſteemed, and it would indeed be wrong to compare them to the princes and dukes of other countries; for in ſpite of the high ſound of theſe titles, they are no more than our common noblemen. The ſcale of eſteem is here, like every where, wealth and expence. There are ſome of the princes who live in a ſtile of royal magnificence, while others ſubſiſt very ſcantily in hired lodgings. As running footmen are very common here, ſuch a *Principe* always keeps one in a garret as well as he can afford, and in him conſiſts all his grandeur.

There are as many and even more equipages to be ſeen here than in Paris.

They ſhine much more by luxury, ſome having four, ſome ſix fine Neapolitan horſes, ſervants in the richeſt livery, and a great number of running-footmen. The cheapneſs of proviſions makes it eaſy for the nobles to keep ſuch a number of ſervants in their ſervice, the more ſo, as they are content with the ſmalleſt wages, and the country people think it in general the ſum of happineſs if they can find means to ſubſiſt in Naples. They wear long ſwords, a cuſtom which ſeems to have ariſen from the danger prevailing in this city, which was in former times ſtill more unſafe than at preſent: the ſervants were, therefore, formerly obliged, and are ſtill now, to defend their maſters againſt the banditti.

As galleries and libraries belong to the luxus of the great, they are neither wanting here. The hall which contains the library of prince Tarſia, is very magnificent, and gilt every where with uncommon

mon profuſion. That this nobleman did not intend to honor the muſes in particular by this ſplendor, may be ſeen in his ſtables, which are alſo richly painted and decorated. The queen of Naples has collected a library of German books for her own uſe, which the pencil of the celebrated Fueger, of Vienna, has beautified with great taſte.

It is remarkable, that there are leſs modern productions of art in Naples than in other cities of Italy. The beſt of them were ſent to Spain. This capital was alſo in want of antiquities, but the diſcovery of Herculanum, Pompeia, and Pæſtum, has richly ſupplied that defect. It is ſincerely lamented by all the learned and artiſts, and will ever be lamented by our poſterity, that no better uſe has been made of ſuch precious treaſures. Being not only the property of the Neapolitans, but of all the enlightened world, they have been uſed in a moſt unaccountable manner.

If there were not ſuch a number of incontrovertible facts, obvious to the eyes of the world, and furniſhing the moſt convincing proofs of the barbariſm and ſmall degree of enlightening in Italy, the conduct adopted at ſo extraordinary a diſcovery, a conduct worthy of an Attilla, would alone be ſufficient to characterize the ſtate of knowledge and ſcience among the Neapolitans, who make ſo great a part of the Italian nation, and who granting them inferior in many reſpects to the reſt of their countrymen, do indeed form no contraſt with them. Hence is impudence and preſumption, if after ſuch notorious facts people ſtand up as advocates for this country, ranging the Italians, who, according to their bodily exiſtence, live in the 18th, and according to their learning and acquirements in the 16th century, among the moſt enlightened nations of Europe.

Exceſſive ignorance ſo predominant at Naples, that mother of ſuperſtition appeared

appeared in full light at the epoch of the above-mentioned memorable diſcovery. The poetic fable of ſpirits who guard treaſures, which can be of no uſe to them, has here been realized. Guards were placed at every avenue, the ſight of the curioſities was granted with the utmoſt difficulty, and to make any ſearches or inquiries upon the ſpot moſt rigorouſly prohibited. Even at preſent, no one is ſuffered to copy the leaſt inſcription, or to draw the ſmalleſt object. Winkelmann, the great antiquarian, complained bitterly of ſuch baſe proceedings. When he viſited theſe celebrated ruins, all his motions were watched, and this excellent man ſaw himſelf treated with ſo much baſeneſs and jealouſy, that his enthuſiaſm for antiquities could not brook it. He therefore ſet out without making his obſervations, ſo unhappily loſt to us and poſtetity.

No meaſures could have been more worthy of barbarians than thoſe taken at

the removal of works of art, utenſils, &c. which were brought to Portici, a city built upon the ſame lava which buried Herculanum. In this unſafe place, ſituate at the foot of Veſuvius, are kept theſe treaſures, of which had been formed the higheſt expectations, but which ignorance, neglect, avarice, and turpid envy, have now almoſt rendered uſeleſs. The moſt precious and valuable part of things found were manuſcripts, which are ſeen ſcattered about like the meaneſt lumber, and neglected to the higheſt degree. They are, properly ſpeaking, rolls which have the form of ſmall, round, black pieces of wood, which ſeemed at firſt, as if they could not be unfolded, becauſe the heat of the lava had made them ſo dry, that upon being touched they would go to tatters. At laſt an ingenious Genoeſe friar, of the name of Piaggio, undertook this difficult taſk, and unfolded the rolls with a machine of his own contrivance. The buſineſs went on very ſlowly, as there

there was but a ſingle man allowed to aſſiſt him. This unſeaſonable parſimony, if it deſerves any other name than that of the moſt ſordid avarice, has been cauſe, that of eight hundred rolls, there are but four unfolded, and even thoſe happen not to be very important. The work was carried no farther, and the remaining MSS. are trod upon. Thus they are for ever loſt to the learned world! There has not yet a line been printed of the contents of the unfolded rolls, and this made the good, able, and induſtrious monk loſe all farther pleaſure and courage to proceed in ſo toilſome a taſk.

It is ſurpriſing that the Engliſh ambaſſador, Sir William Hamilton, who is the great favourite and inſeparable companion of the king, has not made uſe of all his influence to raiſe theſe difficulties, and bring to light all the treaſures of literature and art which have been diſcovered, and muſt be of univerſal utility. By this he might

might gain much more merit and fame, than he acquired by his *Hypotheſes* upon mount Veſuvius and other Volcanoes; which, in ſpite of all eſſays and obſervations, are, and will remain *hypotheſes*.

There is not a more pleaſant journey to be imagined, than that from Naples to theſe buried cities. The road from the capital to Portici, which is a German league long, is beſet with an uninterrupted row of large market towns and country ſeats. Pompeia lies two German leagues farther. The difference between theſe two ancient cities is, that Herculanum lies under and is covered by the ground, but Pompeia ſtands free and unincumbered. Its greater diſtance from mount Veſuvius cauſed it only to be covered with aſhes and ſand; but it was the lot of Herculanum to be buried in the burning lava. As the latter is difficult to be removed, on account of its hardneſs, and the town of Portici is juſt built upon it, government con-

contented themſelves with ſuch curioſities as have been found, and the openings that have been dug were, for the moſt part, ordered to be filled up again. It is neceſſary to go with torches deep under ground, to ſee what the firſt deſire of curioſity has expoſed to view. What is ſtill open, in memory of this remarkable diſcovery, conſiſts of a well-preſerved theatre, from which the ſtatues and pictures have been transferred to the royal muſeum. Whoever ſees that fine theatre, muſt expreſs an eager wiſh to ſee it wholly laid open, and with its ornaments; but the lamented ſmall degree of love of ſcience, and a ſcanty œconomy, have hindered the accompliſhment of ſuch a reaſonable wiſh: but had it been poſſible to find here the bones of ſome great ſaint, no expences would have been ſpared to draw them from the innermoſt receſſes of the earth, and people might by this time kiſs them at pleaſure. It muſt however be underſtood, that this honor would only

only have been the lot of the great, for the lower claſs muſt thank heaven if they are allowed to lick the wrappers or frame of ſuch holy things.

The indifference with which this ſingular diſcovery is treated, is to be obſerved to this hour with regard to Pompeia, which would coſt no great ſums to be laid open. Where the aſhes covered it moſt, it was never above eighteen or twenty feet, and on other places much leſs. If a good number of hands had been employed to remove them, the whole work might have been finiſhed in a couple of years. But in 1779 there were not above thirty workmen, and theſe would not have been employed, if the Neapolitan cabinet did not find its honor at ſtake in diſcontinuing the works. There is now only one ſtreet laid open, though the city was diſcovered thirty years ago. The ridicule of this indifference, and the contraſt it forms with the rigorous prohibition to

ſuffer

ſuffer no perſon to copy or poſſeſs any thing, may be judged by the meaneſt capacity.

That part of Pompeia which has been laid open, repreſents a moſt intereſting ſpectacle. It excites ſo peculiar an emotion in him, who, with a proper knowledge of that great nation which formerly inhabited this country, walks through the open ſtreet of this ancient city, and ſurveys houſes, baths, theatres, temples, &c. of which it is impoſſible to imagine, that their founders were ſtill living ſeventeen centuries ago. The whole aſſemblage of ideas cauſes, that nothing but reflection can reconcile ſo remote an æra to the objects in view; many of which, for inſtance houſes and utenſils, ſeem to trace their age only to a few years. It was diſcovered, with great ſurpriſe, that Naples, from the earlieſt records was paved with lava; a proof that the breaking

ing out of Vesuvius is far more ancient than generally believed.

The entrance to Pompeia is from the ancient barracks of the Roman troops; upon the pavement the ruts of the wheels of waggons may still be perceived. The houses are but small, and the doors marked with a characteristic figure in bas-relief, indicating the profession and condition of the proprietor. The best paintings which were found in Pompeia, were upon the walls of a temple sacred to the goddess Isis. These painted walls have been detached and removed from the edifice.

Whatever is dug out here and in Pæstum, is brought to the king's palace at Portici, and exposed there in a great number of halls. This collection of ancient paintings, metal, and marble statues, busts, urns, dried victuals, and wines of the seventeenth century, besides vases, utensils, and all kinds of furniture, is immense

menſe indeed, and would be ſufficient to fill all the great collections of antiquities in Europe, while that of Portici would ſtill remain the completeſt. The very floor of the halls is paved with antique Moſaic ſtone. It exhibits a true labyrinth of art and antiquity, which, from the immenſe number of curious and remarkable objects, admits only of a very tranſitory view. If this collection was put up in Naples, it would at leaſt promote the ſtudy of the arts among the artiſts reſident there; but in Portici it does not much more ſervice than if it were ſtill buried in the ruins. To this may be added, the perilous ſituation of that town, which leaves daily apprehenſions, leſt this invaluable treaſure ſhould, all on a ſudden, diſappear from the ſurface of the earth. Regardleſs of all theſe conſiderations, a place has been marked out here for the reception of the moſt admirable ſtatue of Hercules, which is now ſtanding in the yard of the palace of Farneſe, from whence the king of Naples,

Naples, who has inherited the eſtate, will have it transferred upon the firſt vacancy of the papal ſee, as he then will meet with no contradiction in accompliſhing his deſign. So far goes the ſingular caprice of heaping antiquities upon antiquities, and leaving them to the chance of being buried again by the lava at the firſt breaking out of the mountain.

Weſtward lies the celebrated cavern of Pauſilippo, upon the road from Naples to Puzzoli. This bold plan of boring through the mountain was left, by order of Agrippa, to be executed by two free ſlaves, who had ſtudied architecture. The cavern was near a thouſand yards long, and from thirteen to fourteen feet wide; at its entrance is a place overgrown with bay trees, which is ſaid to be Virgil's tomb; the aſſertion is, however, ſubject to many doubts. This diſtrict contains alſo many other remarkable objects, ſuch as the dog-grotto, the lake of Agnano,

and

and the Solfaterra, which ſo many travellers have ſo minutely deſcribed, that I ſhall take no farther notice of them.

The reader ought neither to expect from me a deſcription of Veſuvius, as all the accounts relative to that famous mountain are continual repetitions. I ſaw this prodigious work of nature from a diſtance, and within proximity, I even approached its helliſh jaws, which, as well known, throw out ſtones and aſhes, and to ſmoke inceſſantly. There are alſo collections of lava, ſold at the foot of the tain, which conſiſt of 650 different ſorts in great and ſmall tables. The height of the mountain has been calculated at 1677 feet above the level of the ſea.

The king's favorite paſſion is not the ſtudy and encouragement of the arts and ſciences; and what has been ſaid above will make it appear ſo. The military department, which is in a miſerable ſtate in this

this kingdom, engroſſes all his attention. The Swiſs regiments are the only of his troops that deſerve the name of ſoldiers, all the reſt are not worth mentioning. They only differ from the hords of Arabs and Tartars by their uniform, arms, and diviſion into companies and regiments. Every knowing German, whoſe judgement the trifling ſhow of a parade cannot miſguide, will judge them as ſuch. One half of the army is quartered in the metropolis, beſides it the marine of the ſtate is alſo here, and makes now a great object of the king's attention. People might be apt to entertain advantageous notions of the defenſive ſtate of this city, but the marine and army are both of a ſtamp. Inſignificant from the ſmall number of its veſſels, and their bad ſtructure, the ignorance of its officers in all the different branches of navigation, their want of courage to bid defiance to the ſtormy element, their want of ambition and experience, do not entitle it even to com-

common notice. In order to obtain ſome knowledge and improvement from the great maritime powers, ſix young men were ſent as volunteers to the Engliſh, and ſix to the French fleet, during the laſt American war. Theſe ſix ſelect youths, whom I have known myſelf, were fit objects to give a juſt notion of the marine of Naples, which will reap no great benefit from the experience of the twelve adepts.

The deſire of making a figure among the maritime powers of Europe ſhould be very natural to this ſtate. Naples is the only metropolis ſituated on the Mediterranean. This ſituation, and the feeble meaſures taken for its defence, expoſes it to many dangers. It induced admiral Byng* to imitate, in 1718, the great action of Popilius againſt King Antiochus,

* Father to the unfortunate Admiral Byng, who was ſhot at Portſmouth in the year 1756, for the loſs of Minorca.

an action so much admired in ancient history. Popilius, as Roman ambassador, made a circle in the sand with his staff, and encompassed the mighty king of Syria, while he spoke to him at the head of his legions in the open field, commanding him to declare himself either Rome's friend or enemy, before he should leave the circle. This bold conduct produced the desired effect, and Antiochus chose to be a friend. The same proceeding was adopted by Byng, who then commanded a fine and powerful fleet in the Mediterranean. The important post and capacity of an English admiral are sufficiently known. Byng desired the neutrality of the kingdom of Naples during that war. The state was then governed by a viceroy in the name of the emperor, who gave the admiral the same answer which Antiochus had given two thousand years ago. The viceroy said, he would take the matter into consideration, and then send him the ultimatum of his privy-council, for which pur-

poſe, a delay of ſeveral days would be wanted. Byng's anſwer was clear and laconic; he pulled out his watch, laid it upon a table in the admiral's ſhip, and replied: he would give the viceroy but four hours to declare himſelf, and after they were expired, take his meaſures. This unexpected anſwer was followed by a motion of the Engliſh men of war, which approached the city. The court and inhabitants were in the greateſt conſternation, and ere three hours elapſed, the deſired neutrality was granted.

CONCLUSION.

Thus far my obſervations upon Italy, a ſubject ſo copious, that I might have increaſed it by ſeveral volumes; but I was afraid to become the echo of other writers, againſt which an author, who deſcribes

countries, ſhould always be upon his guard. Let him make his own remarks, according to time, leiſure, and capacities, and then leave them to the public. Many readers will, perhaps, think me too rigorous a judge, and attribute it to the influence of bad humour, or other diſagreeable incidents. This, however, has not been my caſe: the long reſidence I made in this beautiful country, which I re-viſited at different periods afterwards, contradicts the effects of bad humour, which are ſeldom of a long duration. Very far from complaining of adverſe fate, I ſpent here many a pleaſant day, and got acquainted with Italians, worthy of the higheſt reſpect. But all the reſpect I owe them, and their politeneſs and friendly ſervices, could never corrupt my candor ſo much, as to ſuppreſs or conceal my mature opinion, when truth claims my homage. What man can forbear judging rigidly of this charming country, if he

reflect what it has been, and what it might be! A ſpirit of indolence, inſtead of the wonderful activity of the ancient Italians; effeminacy, inſtead of that valor which generated ſo many immortal actions; and content ſlavery, inſtead of the enthuſiaſtic love of freedom, which, during a whole ſeries of centuries, has been the invariable characteriſtic of the inhabitants of a country, ſo much favoured by nature and fortune.

Wherever the traveller ſets his foot, he treads upon claſſical ground, which puts him continually in remembrance of his being in the country of Virgil, of Horace, of Cicero, and the Scipios; in the country which gave birth to Cæſar, perhaps the greateſt of mortals: that after an epoch of barbariſm, laſting for upwards of a thouſand years, the arts began to be reſuſcitated, and that the annals of more

modern Italy are graced with the great names of a Raphael, a Buonarotti, an Arioſto, and a Columbus.

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